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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

LORD GREY ON INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

At a recent dinner given by the National Liberal Club in Manchester, Lord Grey discussed the League and Great Britain's relations with America. Speaking of the origin of the war and the purpose of the League, he said:

I believe that Germany, or Prussian militarism, which had control of the machinery of government, made the war inevitable. I am anxious that Germany should have a start in the world again. But she must make it clear that her new government is one which is free from the taint of those particular men — they are all at the moment gone from power in Germany — who did make war inevitable.

But we must go a little deeper than that. The war was made possible simply because of the state of public opinion in different countries. War is made by men, and it is in their power, if they choose, to prevent it. Why did they not choose in 1914? The German people had had within living memory three wars, made admittedly by Prince Bismarck, which had all been short and successful. In 1914, the desire of England was for peace. Even extreme pacifists in this country were thinking, not so much how war could be prevented, as how we could keep out of it.

Referring, later, to the relations between the two great English speaking Commonwealths, Lord Grey observed, 'There would be little pleasure or interest in living in this world, if there were war between England and the United States.' Continuing upon this theme, he added:

I do not believe there will be real cordiality between this country and the United States so long as the Irish question remains as it is. It is really idle to discuss British-American relations without having that fact in our minds and also recognizing it.

Neither do we dispose of the question of war between this country and the United States by merely calling it 'unthinkable and inconceivable.' I would much rather that people, especially in the United States where they have been discussing this question as 'unthinkable and inconceivable,' would bring out the plain fact that we have a Peace Treaty with the United States which, if observed, makes war practically impossible.

We have a treaty under which, if the two governments can not agree, they resort to a Commission, to investigate and report and recommend a settlement, and at least a year's time must elapse for reflection before a breach of the peace can take place. I do not believe that these two great democracies can ever go to war if they observe this treaty.

'FOREIGN' SENTIMENT IN SMYRNA

A special correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writing from Smyrna says that the Smyrniot French and English colonies bitterly resent the occupation of the city by the Greeks. Western Europeans have

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been residing in this ancient city for many generations, and have built up fortunes there during the past two and three centuries, long before the Greeks were an important element in the population. The trade of the Turkish hinterland was shared between these 'Franks' of French, English, and Dutch descent, and the Spanish Jews. During the past century or more, however, Greek merchants and vessel owners, coming over from the islands, captured an increasing share of the trade, and peasants of that nationality have settled along the coast as farmers. These people have incurred the enmity which befalls all newcomers, even though they be newcomers of two or three generations residence. Now, the extension of Greek political suzerainty to this territory, accompanied as it has been by many restrictions upon the former freedom of commerce favorable to the Greeks, has created a sentiment of very bitter antagonism to the latter. It is rather noticeable that many Europeans and Americans who have been in Asia Minor since the war, have come back pro-Turk rather than pro-Greek.

THE OVERSTOCK OF WOOL

AUSTRALIA proposes to form a Central Wool Committee to hold the wool clip of the Commonwealth and to keep up prices. This committee would take over from the British government all the Australian wool which it has purchased and which is still unsold. That stock is said still to exceed 2,000,000 bales. British manufacturers will hardly consent to their government's entering into an agreement which would remove all this wool from the market until the new clip is disposed of. If the scheme goes through, each grower who pools his wool with the Central Committee will be a share holder in the proposed association. His stock certificates will be negotiable. He can thus raise money immediately upon his wool, if necessary. A second feature provides for a blanket loan of $50,000,000 or more upon the wool, to be used for advancing money to growers upon the wool they pool. The situation is replete with difficulties, however, because outside of Great Britain, the only prospective purchasers would be France and Germany, who would have to buy on credit; and Australia, itself a borrowing country, is hardly in a position to make what would virtually be public loans to Europe.

Furthermore, Australia does not control the wool market. There are immense surplus stocks in South America. Uruguay is interested in a scheme to make Antwerp a centre for unloading and distributing its surplus in Belgium, Eastern France, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, and other countries. The Montevideo government will vote large grants for that purpose.

SPAIN'S SCHOLARSHIPS FOR SPANISH-AMERICANS

THE Spanish government has recently provided twenty-five scholarships, each amounting to 4,000 pesetas annually, to university students from Spanish-America taking courses in engineering, architecture, fine arts, and higher pedagogy at Spanish universities. These scholarships are allotted as follows: three each to the Argentine and to Mexico, two each to Colombia, Chile, and Peru, and one to each of the other South and Central American countries including Santo Domingo. The candidates are to be appointed by their respective governments.

FIUME TO-DAY

A CORRESPONDENT writing to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* from Fiume, the

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first of February, says that since its liberation from the d'Annunzio dictatorship and the Italian blockade, the city is having a hard struggle to restore normal relations with the rest of the world. 'The harbor is deserted; the dockyards and the hotels are empty and silent; the gigantic ways of the Danube Yards stand idle, towering like skeletons in the air. The long avenues of workingmen's cottages are vacant and dead.' Abbazia, likewise, is as quiet as the grave, and the throngs of tourists who used to haunt Fiume from its palatial hotels have vanished. The number of unemployed is appalling. . . . In the midst of this economic decay, political intrigue and discord are more active and virulent than at any other point in Italy (sic). The people of Fiume, although mostly of Italian descent, have a strong intermixture of Hungarian, German, and Serb blood. Almost every resident of the town speaks four, or at least three languages. The people have become a distinct race. Only a fraction of them really wish to identify themselves with Italy. Another section of the community is favorable — at times violently favorable — to Yugoslavia. But the bulk of the people wished to be independent. These three parties are naturally in bitter conflict. They conduct their campaigns with protests and resolutions, with election posters and mass meetings, but also with deadlier physical weapons. . . . The city which for more than a year was called 'd'Annunzio's town,' forgot him the day he left, and his name is never mentioned. Magnificently worded ordinances are still to be seen on the bulletin boards, signed Gabriele d'Annunzio.

But one seldom sees an *Evviva* scribbled by his name; although insulting remarks and allusions are very common.

SCHISMATICS IN BOHEMIA

The Czech press is giving much attention to the importance of the new census of the country, as likely to determine its relations with the Roman Catholic Church. The latter has been greatly weakened by the recent schism. The National Socialist *Czesko-Slovo*, representing what is the Militant-Nationalist Party in spite of its socialist name, is a vigorous advocate of complete separation from Rome. Its editor observes: 'The extent of the movement away from the Roman Catholic Church has made this an historical event, much more serious than any previous religious dissension in Czecho-Slovakia. In the city of Rokykany (5,000–6,000 population), less than 500 people have remained Catholics. In the city of Dobrovice (2,000 population), the number is only 5. There are cases where the only Catholics remaining in a parish are the priest, the sexton, and the rectory servants.

President Maseryk's principal organ, the *Czas*, which is also vigorously anti-Vatican, asserts that in Pilsen, hitherto a stronghold of Catholicism, 25,000 people have left the church, and that in Prague more than 80,000 people have formally separated from the Catholic communion. In the country districts, whole parishes have seceded. The movement continues to make headway. The National Democratic *Narodni Listy* emphasizes the fact that the withdrawal from the Catholic Church is not a religious movement, but a political movement. It is due, primarily, to the fact that Catholicism in Czecho-Slovakia has been discredited by its centuries of service to the Hapsburgs. Quite in accord with this general movement, is the proposal to separate completely Church and State, and to abolish religious instruction in the public schools.

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RIVALRY IN THE CONGO

BELGIAN colonial officials and commercial men are concerned over the large share of the Congo trade which has fallen into the hands of citizens of other countries. On June 30, 1917, of the 671 trading firms in the Congo country, only 79 were Belgian. The Berlin agreement, which controls Belgium's rights over the Congo, provides for complete freedom of commerce; but it is argued in the Belgian press that this does not prevent Belgium's requiring foreign merchants to take out licenses, and demanding a high fee for this privilege. An annual tax of 5,000 francs is indirectly suggested. It is urged that the foreign traders take no interest whatever in the permanent welfare of the country, and 'they buy their goods from foreign firms, either in the Congo or elsewhere.'

SPANISH TRADE CRISIS

A CORRESPONDENT of *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, writing from Spain late in 1920, criticizes, apparently with ample and accurate information, the policy of manufacturers and bankers since the war, which has contributed largely to accentuate the economic crisis now prevailing. The war enabled the industrialists of Spain, and particularly its textile manufacturers, to make unexampled profits. One little weaving company, starting with a capital of $6,000, distributed among its share holders in a period of two years $600,000 in profits (sic). But these enormous earnings were seldom invested to a sufficient extent in plant improvements, and consequently, Spanish manufacturers were not in a position to compete with those of other countries in foreign markets when the war was over. Instead of preparing for this future competition, the suddenly enriched promoters preferred to gamble with their new won wealth in the stock market, and particularly in foreign exchange. They lavished money on automobiles and jewelry. As this critic, himself a Catalan, says, 'Spain's prosperity went up in gasoline smoke.' Now, foreign orders have ceased, prices are falling, people have suddenly curtailed consumption, factory owners and wholesalers have resisted the fall of prices by accumulating stocks which they are holding with borrowed money; and as a natural result, bank credit has been strained to the utmost, and serious failures have already occurred and others are impending.

MINOR NOTES

AN exhaustive report upon agricultural conditions in Soviet Russia presented at the All-Russia Congress in Moscow last December indicates that there has been a reduction in the area under cultivation, in all the provinces. 'Generally speaking, there is a marked tendency to render home production solely self-supporting by growing a certain minimum of staple food crops, and avoiding any surplus. The number of small homesteads of from three to five acres has increased, but the number of larger farms has declined. The Russian peasants are returning to a primitive form of cultivation. A larger proportion of them than before own a horse, but fewer own teams of horses. On the whole, the report indicates a leveling down of the peasants' economic status.

RECENTLY, Señor Unamuno, a very famous Spanish author, and professor of Greek at Salamanca University, whose essays, novels, and critical works have been translated into many languages, has been sentenced to sixteen years penal servitude for having written articles claimed to have been insulting to King Alphonso.

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GERMANY'S COLLAPSE

[Philip Scheidemann, leader of the Social Democratic delegation in the Reichstag during the latter part of the war, a member of the last Imperial Cabinet, and later Premier of the Republic, has just published his memoirs under the title, *Der Zusammenbruch*. It is a book certain to be attacked and criticized. We print below two articles relating to it: the first, by Scheidemann himself, is a reply to certain of these criticisms, and appeared in *Vorwärts*, the official organ of the Majority Socialists of Germany, on February 13; the second is an unsigned review from the Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung*, a Moderate Socialist daily, of February 20.]

I

WHEN I decided to publish my book, I was well aware that several gentlemen would not read it with pleasure, and that some would probably dispute its statements. I can hardly debate the matter with each of my critics individually, but I do wish to reply to the statements which our former Minister of War (Scheüch), for whom I have a high regard, has circulated through the nationalist press.

I described briefly in my book a cabinet meeting at which Prince Max of Baden, then Imperial Chancellor, presided, where we discussed the Kaiser question, and mentioned in this connection that no one advocated the Kaiser's retaining the throne. Mr. Scheüch disputes this by publishing what he claims to have said at the meeting:

'I wished to keep my personal feelings in the background and deal only with the practical aspects of the matter. The question was: Could we get better peace conditions if His Majesty abdicated, and the Crown Prince renounced his rights to the throne? There was no good reason for insisting upon an abdication. It would have had a very bad effect in the army. The generals and officers were influenced profoundly by their oath of loyalty to the Kaiser. Deprive them of that, and you deprived them of a powerful motive for resisting to the last. It was a pure assumption that this would strengthen Wilson against England and France. The neutral countries naturally wanted peace as soon as possible; that would relieve the situation for them. The neutrals were also directly interested in the ideals which we continued to defend. The constant suggestion that the Kaiser's abdication might hasten peace was false. The thing looked very different when we considered the matter simply from the German point of view, and asked: How far do all your assumptions agree with the facts? Why, in view of the active propaganda among the people in favor of abdication, did we not start a counter drive in the press? We were letting the people believe that the government was in complete agreement with the newspapers, which were doing the public's thinking for it. We permitted ourselves to be ruled by public sentiment, instead of ruling it. We did not govern, but we were governed. Demagogism would speedily get the best of us if we did not resolutely resist it.'

I do not see that Mr. Scheüch has any reason here to dispute what I said in my book. He summarizes all his arguments against the Kaiser's abdi-

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cation, but he does not say that he insisted on the Kaiser's remaining. In fact, I myself reviewed his objections in my own account of the conference. I wrote as follows:

'Minister of War Scheüch urged that conditions did not require the Kaiser's abdication; that we ought to take into consideration the effect upon public sentiment. Any pressure brought to bear upon the Kaiser would, in his opinion, have a disastrous effect upon the army. The generals would no longer have a heart in the cause. In order to avoid misunderstandings, it should be made emphatic that the members of the cabinet remained monarchists, and were dealing with the question merely from the point of present expediency. Erzberger, for instance, objected that the Kaiser's abdication would have ill results, which undoubtedly would more than outweigh its anticipated advantages.'

It seems to me that the unprejudiced reader will see at once that Mr. Scheüch merely confirms the fairness of my account.

Since this whole question has again got into the press, I beg permission to supplement my description of this meeting, on the basis of my diary.

I made my diary entries partly during the session and the conferences, partly immediately after them, and, not infrequently, the same evening. Only in rare instances did I make diary entries as late as the following day, and then I used notes jotted down at the time the incidents happened. Naturally, I reported things as I saw them, and as I understood them at the moment. I was in no position to register every incident and statement in full. Most chapters of my book are designed to throw light upon particular situations. If I had attempted to describe each one exhaustively, the Kaiser question alone would have filled the volume.

In order to show how carefully I recorded my facts, and how closely I followed my diary when writing my book, I will add a few extracts from my notes of the cabinet meeting we are now discussing.

After the Imperial Chancellor had withdrawn, Mr. Von Payer, the Vice Chancellor, spoke:

Von Payer: The present situation is in fact impossible. It can be solved only by the voluntary abdication of the Kaiser. . . . We must not yield to foreign pressure, neither should our pressure be brought to bear on His Majesty. We must give the Kaiser free play. I have perfect confidence that both His Majesty and the Crown Prince will do the proper thing.

Count Rödern: It is very important to hear from Solf (then Secretary of Foreign Affairs) how other countries judge the question, and how he appraises the situation. (I have reported Solf's remarks in my book.)

Trimborn: I can only confirm what Scheidemann said. Public opinion is running strongly against the Kaiser. I can confirm in particular what Scheidemann says regarding the civil service. The government employees, whom we would least expect to take such a stand, demand that the Kaiser go. However, the difficulties which face us in case he abdicates are immense. Naturally, the Crown Prince cannot succeed him. The Crown would, therefore, go to a minor. (Gröber: Alas for the country whose king is a child!) We should be forced to have a regency. To have that, both houses of the Prussian Parliament would have to agree. Just think of the House of Nobles in that connection! But even

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if we got our new King of Prussia, would a regent be competent to act as Kaiser of the Empire? All our independent sovereigns under a regent or — just stop and consider — under a child, and the army swearing allegiance to a child! In this situation, we ought to consider whether we might not have an acting Kaiser. A precedent for that exists in the cabinet order of 1878, which authorized Crown Prince Friedrich to act in such a capacity. Would n't that work now? If His Majesty were to transfer all his imperial functions and authority to his grandson, would that not perhaps be the best solution, because it would remove the most serious difficulties, if not all of them?

Erzberger objected to the last proposal, which he believed would not work. He thought, as the Chancellor did, that we must not exert pressure on the Kaiser. We ought not to be governed in our decisions by the sentiment of the foreign press. That would be suicide. If the Chancellor were to request the Kaiser to abdicate, it should be only in response to a practical emergency,—for instance, impossible peace conditions. Erzberger opposed Umbreit, the trade union editor, in urging that only a voluntary abdication should be considered.

Drews, the Prussian Minister of the Interior, discussed the legal situation in detail, and disposed of many of the questions with the statement: 'If a regency is possible in Prussia, it is possible also in the Empire.'

Haussmann: His confidence in the Chancellor has been increased by the latter's statement. He agrees with Erzberger regarding a regency. He does not think that all these problems can be settled in accordance with existing laws. We must get a solid foothold before we do anything. In regard to other matters, he did not think Erzberger's attitude logical. If the Kaiser abdicated now, he would make a sacrifice for the sake of his people in order that they might have easier conditions of peace; if he abdicates after harsh peace conditions have been imposed, the government will be faced by the question whether it ought to accept those conditions.

. . . . . .

Scheidemann: If I try to place myself in your position, and look at the question from the monarchist point of view, I am compelled to say: You are obligated, first of all, to try to maintain the monarchy as an institution. Do you not think that the whole institution is seriously imperiled if the Kaiser does not go; but that the institution may perhaps be saved if the Kaiser makes the sacrifice and abdicates?

Von Payer: I stick to my opinion that it would be wrong to bring any influence to bear on the Kaiser. If he does not voluntarily go, the results may be unfortunate, because we shall perhaps have harsher peace terms. Men will look for a scapegoat, and 'not without some ground,' they will fix upon the Kaiser. What would be the result? The Kaiser would not be able to defend himself. To this extent, Scheidemann is right. The whole institution is imperiled. In spite of all that, let us have no cabinet pressure. I do not attach so much importance to the legal difficulties as do these other gentlemen. It is quite natural that legal objections should be raised.

Drews suggested that in order to appease the army, Hindenburg might be proclaimed supreme war lord. . . .

Haussmann reviewed very seriously several of the statements already made, and said, that sentiments were themselves facts. Bolshevism seemed to him the most serious danger, if the government failed to heed facts.

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It seems to me that this additional testimony is enough. As I said in my book, no minister insisted that the Kaiser remain. All would have been relieved, in spite of the doubts they expressed, to have the Kaiser abdicate voluntarily. My own attitude was perfectly clear. I argued that it was the Kaiser's duty to act at once, if it should be shown that his abdication was for the interest of the country.

In conclusion, let me ask a question. Had former Secretary Delbrück, now a German nationalist member of the Reichstag, but at that time, chief of the Kaiser's civil cabinet, already packed his trunk shortly before the collapse, for a trip to Headquarters, in order to urge the Kaiser to abdicate?

II

Philip Scheidemann has just published his memoirs of the war under the title, *The Collapse*. What the book really records, however, is the mental and moral collapse of Scheidemann, which he reveals to the reader with appalling clearness. He, himself, destroys whatever pseudo greatness may have been attached to his name as the man whom length of service automatically made the leader of the Social Democrats, the largest party in the German Empire, during the nation's darkest hours of trial. During the war, haughty and over-confident imperialists charged Scheidemann with encouraging a peace which would deprive Germany of the fruits of its victory, and thundered and raged against a 'Scheidemann Treaty.' Simultaneously, a growing part of the proletariat, both inside and outside Germany, believed him deeply committed to the war, and seeking merely to establish an alibi, by lip service to peace and good will among nations, to justify himself in future history. So Scheidemann was condemned by men of opposite opinions for his attitude toward the war. He now tries to use this condemnation to prove that he did right. He has only made plain, however, that German workers never had in him a leader of independence, courage, and proletarian conviction. He paints himself to the astonished reader as an unhappy cross between an agitator and a bureaucrat, without the better qualities of either. As an order-loving official, he was appalled at facing responsibilities in the chaos of revolution; and whatever of the revolutionist was in his blood was daunted the moment he saw public order, which he worshipped as the supreme national blessing, threatened. His book shows impressively how lamentably German Socialism lacked great men in this mighty crisis.

Another surprising fact is that Scheidemann apparently does not suspect for a moment what a poor showing he makes in his self portrait. What was his purpose in writing? He does not show the slightest trace of capacity to comprehend events in their historical connection, or to isolate and unveil what may have escaped the public eye in the confusion of the moment. At the very outset, in describing the controversy within the party over voting for war credits, when the apparent necessities of the moment conflicted utterly with the party's traditional policy, he shows clearly that he failed utterly to comprehend the importance of the issue. But even when we cease to expect anything really important from the book, and merely look for a little new light on the incidents of the five years with which it deals, we are disappointed. There is nothing in the volume to repay reading, except, perhaps, the account of the red sofa, on which Scheidemann sat one day in the summer of 1917, while Mr. von Kühlmann told him that negotiations

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between England and Germany would begin within four weeks. It merely records the weakness and incapacity of a man who during these five years had it in his grasp to exert a powerful influence upon German policy. We recognize, of course, that any history of the German Social Democratic Party during the war would necessarily retail many minor happenings; conversations and understandings with public men, and quotations from addresses and speeches. That we can comprehend. If we are very tolerant, we can even forgive the party for supporting the government in so great a national crisis. But how petty it all looks in the light of the great historical transformations which have occurred since! And how small a Social Democratic leader seems, who at this late day can interest himself almost exclusively with such trifles, and dwell upon them so lovingly! He evidently thinks that for the leader of a party politically ostracized until the war to have become of some importance during the conflict, so that even the Imperial Chancellor at times cultivated him, was such a miracle, that he cannot restrain his tragi-comic eagerness to dwell upon that great personal distinction.

But let him speak for himself. On the 24th of July, 1914, Scheidemann arrived at Mittenwald for 'a week's real rest.'

'I could not resist the temptation to climb the western peak of the Karwendes the following day. On my return from this excursion that evening, I first learned of the Austrian ultimatum (which, as all know, had been delivered on July 22!). I was rigid with anger; but did not stop then to ponder long over the matter. I went at once to a bookstore and bought a memorandum book, determining to keep a diary from that date on. The future seemed hopeless. I began my entries on that evening, and continued them every night until the Weimar Congress, sometimes after very exciting days, until they filled twenty thick volumes.'

Undoubtedly it takes a man of superior intellect to decide without long reflection to go out and buy a diary. . . . Then came the war. It raged with ever increasing violence, but meantime Scheidemann wrote on. It was a rational enough thing to do, but not much of a matter to boast about now. Then he describes the first session of the party managers, on July 31: 'We expected the mobilization order every minute. We adjusted all our affairs, as we anticipated that the authorities would do many crazy things, and had to provide for the possibility that we might be put in jail.' Men frequently think of their own affairs. . . . Then there was his interview with the Imperial Chancellor on August 3, just before the Reichstag was summoned.

'The Chancellor shook hands with each one of our delegation. I had a feeling, when he grasped my hand so cordially and pressed it so long, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Scheidemann," as though he were giving me to understand: "My man, I hope our hereditary feud is over for the time being." Class struggle! Hereditary feud! Who was responsible for the war? Bethmann Holweg's attitude really pained me. I realized how hard it had been for him to advise the Kaiser to order a mobilization. When Bethmann dismissed us with a bow, I noticed that his narrow, standing collar had melted with perspiration. Quite possibly the poor fellow had not had a chance to change his clothes for several days.'

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After these kindly observations, how could Scheidemann make any mistake as to who was guilty for the war? Now follows an account of the party's programme for the Reichstag session of August 4, from which it appears that this solemn historical scene had been arranged in detail beforehand, even down to the abusive interruptions. It is characteristic of Scheidemann that he is not ashamed of this, even now. There was still 'one more reef to be rounded — *Hoch der Kaiser!*' Scheidemann had a glorious inspiration. In any case the Kaiser would be cheered twice during the speech from the throne: 'So it was not imperatively necessary to cheer him a third time.'

'Vigorous objection was made to my suggestion. I then proposed that if he must have a third cheer, it should be *Hoch der Volk und Vaterland.* We had a long discussion over that, with much citing of precedents. I whispered meantime to Representative Spahn, who was sitting near me, but loudly enough for Minister Delbrück to hear it: "The best we could do, in my opinion, would be to cheer *Kaiser, Volk und Vaterland.*" Delbrück immediately seized on that suggestion.'

So this tremendous reef was rounded! Scheidemann has nothing better to do than to preserve all this gossip three years after the founding of the German Republic, in order to show what a gift of readiness and presence of mind he possessed! After the war had been in progress a year and a half, the Social Democrats finally decided to make some inquiry about peace (December 6, 1915).

'I went to the Imperial Chancellor. He was very frank and cordial. It would be too bad for us to raise that question now. It was of the utmost importance not to embarrass the government in any way, and for that reason he wanted to talk with me beforehand regarding his speech and my own speech. He was just preparing his second speech, the one in which he would reply to my speech setting forth our case. I laughed, and told him that I did not think it would be wise for him to begin to write his speech yet, for he did not know what I was going to say. He replied: "Well, I fancy I am justified in assuming that you are not going to do very serious damage." I replied: "Permit me, Your Excellency, serious damage! I hope I may do much good." '

Thereupon, the Imperial Chancellor and the Social Democrat swapped copies of their speeches. That is what the Social Democratic Party's efforts to hasten peace amounted to!

'Bethmann then said: "How long do you expect to talk, Mr. Scheidemann, and how have you arranged your speech?" I sketched my remarks roughly, and read him, verbatim, what I was going to say on the peace matter. "If the Imperial government is in a position to conclude a peace which guarantees the German nation its political independence, and the integrity of its territory, and unrestricted economic progress, then we demand that such a peace be made." He agreed that that was permissible. "That goes." So we discussed the matter for an hour and twenty minutes all by ourselves.'

That was indeed thorough and final! The duty which faced the Social Democrats of Germany was to exert their unquestioned power — for the war could not go on without their aid — to force the government, and the men behind the government, to make peace.

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But how could the party exercise such pressure when its official leader, Scheidemann, was going to say nothing as its spokesman except what Bethmann found passable? Is it surprising, after this, that the Social Democrats, indispensable as they were for the government, were treated so contemptuously? This attitude was particularly obvious at the time of the Berlin anti-war strike, in January, 1918. The government used the most brutal methods to repress that outbreak. Scheidemann was instructed to get an interview with the Minister of the Interior. The delegation was to consist of two representatives from each of the Socialist groups — the Government Socialists and the Independents — and of five workingmen from the Executive Committee in charge of the strike. The Minister replied by telephone that he would give an interview to the members of the Reichstag, but not to the workingmen. The Executive Committee then sent two delegates, Haase and Scheidemann, and two workingmen, to the Minister.

'When the deputation appeared at the Interior Office, the Minister sent word to us, through a messenger, that he was ready to receive the Reichstag delegates. The deputation replied, through the messenger, that it was authorized to deal with him only as a body (including the two labor representatives). The Minister would not modify his attitude, even after we prevailed upon a Centrist member of the Reichstag, Geisbert, who chanced to come in, to impress upon him, personally, the seriousness of the situation. The Minister sent us word through one of his bureau chiefs, that he would not give an interview to any representatives of the labor people, but only to members of the Reichstag.'

Finally, it was proposed to the Chancellor that he receive two Socialist deputies from the Reichstag, and five Trade Union officers: 'To be designated by the strikers as their representatives.' He refused to do that. Then the proposal was changed to the two Socialist deputies and three Trade Union officials. That also was refused. Bear in mind that the purpose of the conference was to discuss some way of settling the strike! This is the way the government dealt with Scheidemann and his followers in the fifth year of the war, although if those gentlemen had exhibited the slightest courage and determination they might have had whatever they wished.

A smug, spiritless, petty bourgeois atmosphere pervades the whole book. It does not betray the slightest trace of manly self-assertion and class consciousness. This is very marked in the discussion of the Revolution, which a man like Scheidemann obviously regarded as merely a disagreeable upsetting of his daily routine. 'The whole responsibility for the 9th of November, 1918, rests upon the men who, with tragic blindness, insisted on having their way until it was too late.'

Speaking of the Revolution, Scheidemann observes: 'I urgently advised the party management to place itself at the head of the unavoidable agitation, in order to forestall utter anarchy.' His dry-as-dust soul was never touched by the vivifying breath of that movement. He is merely the self-satisfied, comfort-loving, self-centred ordinary citizen, for whom the *status quo* is everything, and revolution is utterly evil. Let me quote again: 'No government power was clearer and less disputed.' . . . 'The unhappiest part of the affair was that I and my associates had no effective means at our dis-

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posal to enforce our authority,' — namely, against the working classes!

Let me add one word more, to show how incapable Scheidemann was of appreciating real greatness in men and in crises. He accompanied Victor Adler from Berlin to Copenhagen, on their way to the Stockholm Conference. If the latter gentleman had imagined for a moment that Scheidemann was not only keeping a dairy, but intended, eventually, to publish it, he probably would have been more on his guard during his conversations with him. But that is a side issue. Scheidemann describes Adler's physical condition as follows: 'I knew that Adler had a weak heart and was suffering from asthma; but I did not know that the poor fellow was such a hopeless invalid. He was subject to almost incessant attacks, and I feared that he was about to leave forthwith for Abraham's bosom.' That remark alone is a key to the whole book.

Nothing is further from the facts than to assume that the policy of the German Social Democratic Party throughout the war was hopelessly compromised by the decision made August 4, 1914, to support the first War Appropriation Bill, and to regard that act as a fall from grace which condemned it forever after. The error in that assumption is sufficiently indicated by the fact that not all the Socialist deputies voted for the appropriation; that Haase, then its Parliamentary leader, qualified the party's action by a lengthy explanation; and that so important a man as Karl Liebknecht refused to vote for the bill. Furthermore, the Social Democratic deputies could urge in extenuation of their vote, that they were not informed in August, 1914, of the complex of causes which had precipitated the war, and that the situation had been designedly misrepresented to them. Germany seemed to them the innocent party, who had been attacked by the Entente in accordance with a long premeditated design. The vote of the Social Democratic deputies on August 4, was a tragic blunder. But the guilt of the party begins later. It consists in its failure to exert its unquestionably vast influence and authority to stifle at once the campaign in favor of conquests and annexations, and to bring the war to a speedy end. However, during the interval, the World War had developed into such a monstrous thing; it had excited the passions of nations to such a point, and it had so clouded the brains of leaders, that we must be charitable in condemning even bitter blunders, until we have fuller facts for our indictment. But Scheidemann's book enthusiastically endorses those blunders, and thus advertises his inability to liberate himself, even to-day, from the delusions under which he labored at that time. Scheidemann is both mentally and morally a man of the past.

[*Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist Liberal Daily), *January 10*]

ROMAIN ROLLAND

BY ANNA NUSSBAUM

[Two books upon Romain Rolland have just been published. The first, by a Frenchman, P. J. Jouve, is entitled, *Romain Rolland, Vivant*, and the second, by an Austrian, Stefan Zweig, bears the title, *Romain Rolland, der Mann und das Werk*.]

JOUVE calls his study of this author a poem, and a confession of faith. It does not profess to be a scientific analysis descending into the minuter details of literary criticism, but a sympathetic exposition of the man's mind and soul, a living picture of the author and his personality. It tries to express in words what we see in his

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portrait by Frans Masereel; the tender appeal of his fine-featured ascetic countenance, with its smooth, high forehead, and the glowing message of its deep and speaking eyes.

The groundwork of his character is a passionate, devoted love of freedom. 'Fraternity is a joy, but freedom is a passion.' He is the truest of the true; himself the incarnation of the noblest friendship, he inspires whoever comes to him with the same quality. A powerful, fructifying, all-embracing love and brotherliness pervade his being; a deep sympathetic comprehension of suffering creation.

It is infinitely difficult, almost impossible, to picture a living being by unchanging lines, but we are made to see the vital processes of his development. The singlehearted struggle upward toward a mission of universal meaning, beginning with the dreams of childhood and youth, and continuing to the mature labors of the man;— a constant striving toward self-perfection, an untiring straining toward the best, as revealed in others, is pictured in his diary, which is the most striking document of his inner life. When the war ended, it already filled twenty-seven volumes, but they will not be opened to the general reader for many years to come. However, Jouve gives us ample extracts from this, and from his letters to his friends.

In August, 1914, the nature of his mission was revealed to him. The world will never forget, that at a moment when many great thinkers and writers raised their voices in laudation of bloody fratracide, or were silenced by cowardly creeds and criminal timidity, he, alone, stood firm in the chaos of rage and hatred and persecution, when attacked by friends and enemies alike, and, steadied by his inner faith, he lavished upon his erring and sinning fellow men the eternally true counsel of new strength and hope.

Only a man who saw with bitter tribulation of heart all his old ties breaking in that tragic day, who in dumb hopelessness lost the world he knew, will comprehend what Romain Rolland was to us in that crisis; and why we shall always regard him as 'the moral conscience of our time.'

His ideals were expressed at first, under the limitations imposed by necessity, in his newspaper contributions to the *Journal de Genève*. These messages, as time went on, rang ever higher and clearer, ever freer and fuller, with their burden of love, comprehension, and pity; passionate anger, violent revolt against the madness of nations, clarified eventually in a marvelous rising to heights serene, far above the passion of the day. He recognized truth from the beginning. He saw that all nations were equally guilty in that monstrous thing, the war. He impeached European civilization for the crime. But with brotherly tolerance he sometimes refrained from tearing the veil too pitilessly from the heartless facts.

Then came his great longing to restore peace — *Sereiner les tempêtes*.

Stefan Zweig pictures to us, in turn, his life and acts in warm, simple, unaffected, picturesque language, and above all, with a feeling of deep esteem and veneration. He follows the example which Romain Rolland gave of himself in his heroic biography — portraying the moral aspirations of men and measuring their significance for the community.

Romain received a unique inheritance from both his father and his mother; fanatical revolutionary blood, the stern Puritanism of the Jansenist, a character steadfastly loyal to its faith in its ideals, and, in addition, his mother's musical temperament, which transfused his whole nature. In his

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childhood, he loved France best, that bright, happy land which he has painted so happily in *Colas Breugnon*. But German music inspired him. 'Dreams of Mozart and Beethoven have become part of my flesh; you are mine, I am yours. . . . In periods of doubt and despair, a melody of Beethoven has revived in me the flame of eternal life.'

Thus consecrated, the boy went forth into the world. His first friendships were with men of his own type. Shakespeare, Spinoza, and Richard Wagner were the great luminaries who presided over the springtime of his youth. Rolland dreamed of being a composer and a poet at the same time, and of writing a national musical drama, based on the French legend-cycle. We have this first youthful dream to thank for his later *Mystery of St. Louis*. But the counsel of his parents guided him in a different path, toward technical studies, and, later, to the superior course in the Normal. Here, in the narrow circle of traditional studies, he had the good fortune to find friends likeminded with himself. Already, he was filled with great aspirations and ambitions. He planned a monumental work, a history of the life and manners of the court of Catherine de Medici. He prepared preliminary studies, which, however, will never reach the light of day. But his *Credo quia verum*, written in 1888, was already a moral and philosophical confession of faith.

This period of youthful uncertainty and confusion was followed by an assured striking out on his life career as soon as he attained young manhood. He felt that he could realize the highest in him only through art, poetry, and music. At this moment, Tolstoi's booklet, *What Ought We to Do?* fell into his hands, with its curse of excommunication against music, which lay closest to his soul. In despair, he appealed to the distant sage for help and counsel. Tolstoi answered in a letter of thirty-eight lines: Not love of art, but love of humanity, is the only thing of value, the foundation of every mission. Only in that service is victorious power granted.

Thereupon, Rolland made his life decision. He received this message with deep emotion, and swore, like the Master, never to desert a brother in need.

The *Prix de Rome*, and a two years' residence in that wonderful city, brought him other inspiring friendships, and also the first vision of *Jean Christophe*. From this period dated a series of dramas: *Orsino*, *Empedocles*, *Gli Baglioni*, and later *Caligula*, *Niobe*, *Le Siege de Mantoue*.

His scientific studies, the discovery of the manuscripts of Luigi Rossi's *Orfeo*, the first appreciation of the forgotten *Francesco Provencale*, and his doctor's thesis: *The Origin of the Modern Lyric Theatre*, brought him an appointment as teacher. All those who had the good fortune to receive instruction from him retain a vivid memory of that experience. Thoroughly grounded in the knowledge of the past, and deeply inspired with its spirit, he seized that spirit as a medium for a living comprehension of the present. He had a peculiar gift for inspiring those who listened to him with his own fire and enthusiasm.

From this period date his *Musicians of Other Times*, *Händel*, and *History of the Opera in Europe before Lully and Scarlatti*. However, his passionate nature impelled him to ever greater activity in the service of truth. He sought to picture the French people, the greatness of their history in the cause of human progress, by a series of ten dramas. This Iliad of the French Nation begins with his *July 14*. *Dan-*

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ton describes the decisive moment when its moral ruin was precipitated by victory. The same thought was carried still further in *Robespierre*. *The Triumph of Reason* describes the decay of revolutionary idealism in the provinces; *The Wolves* was to trace the same process in the army. He planned also a love drama, with Louvet as the principal character, and a sort of after act in which the champions were to be united in Switzerland.

We have of this project only the four complete dramas: *July 14th*, a turbulent, ecstatic movement of the masses beyond the possibilities of mere stage presentation; *Danton*, the eternal tragedy of the great victorious revolutionary — *Je suis soûl des hommes. Je les vomis; The Triumph of Reason*, every victory is evil, and every defeat is good, so far as it springs from our free will. Here Rolland begins his eulogy of the free man, which reaches so powerful a climax later in *Clerambault*. *The Wolves*, symbolical of the Dreyfus case, deals with the choice between fatherland or justice.

But the poet received no response. The tremendous, inspiring appeals for a higher national vision which he addressed to his countrymen, were not understood by them.

In spite of that, unconquered because unconquerable, Rolland kept on in his great path. He gives us *The Time Will Come*. His General Clifford fights a war which he knows in the bottom of his heart is unjust. He knows that a man cannot obey his country without doing violence to his conscience. He is not the hero of the book, but an Italian volunteer, a citizen of the world: '*Ma patrie est partout où la liberté est menacée.*'

It goes without saying that a series of dramas inspired by such lofty ideals would at first appeal only to a narrow circle of truly noble men. But he continued on his thorny path, his great soul conquering physical illness, bitter sorrow, stinging disillusion; finding its salvation in contemplating the 'Master of Sorrows.' How fully Romain Rolland understood Beethoven, Tolstoi, Michelangelo! When he addresses them, sacred, inspiring harmonies surround us, as from the pipes of some great organ. Or he lets them pour out the sufferings of their own hearts, so that we feel closer and more inseparable from them than before.

When learned men wish to offend me, let them try to criticize the technique and style of *Jean Christophe*. Some are very severe on those points, especially those who have never taken the trouble to study the true qualities of language and creative genius. I do not know whether it is a work faultless, when measured by the lifeless and meticulous standards of a philologist. It is not a book, it is an era, a life. It is a life with all its victories and defeats; at one moment, the rolling music of many strange instruments, a moment later, the modest song of the lonely but powerful free man. I read it over and over again, each time with deeper interest, as I read Tolstoi or Dostoevski. There are pages in it which I know by heart, which are ever with me. The hymn to music — *Créer — fureur de joie!* The visit of Jean Christophe to his old friends — Antoinnette Grazia — a blessing, eternal possession. Is not Jean Christophe strong and winning, powerful and unconquerable? Is Olivier not tender and wise? Cannot the two by their joint efforts bring peace to a ruined world? How tremendously their prophetic words strike our ears! Scarcely ever has a poet described with such perfection of knowledge, the feeling of the French, the German, and the Jewish soul, striving toward the highest, and struggling against the lowest.

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Romain Rolland's standing as a world character has been uncontested since the outbreak of the war. Uncounted letters and newspaper articles and addresses record his fight against hatred; liberation from hatred by laughter in *Liluli*, the victory of love over hatred in *Pierre et Luce*, and the extinction of hatred by faith in *Clerambault*, the free man. In no other of his works does Rolland's character stand out more strongly than in this last one: 'To-day, the world needs just one thing: free souls! Dare to tear yourselves away from the herd which drags you with it.'

Meantime, from the abundance of his genius he creates for us joyous *Colas Breugnon*, the herald of a new day, to restore our faith in humanity.

[*Pester Lloyd* (German-Hungarian Daily), *February 17*]

CAILLAUX'S DEFENSE

BY ARTHUR SINGER

[Joseph Caillaux, ex-Premier of France, condemned to three years' imprisonment for having intercourse with the enemy during the war, has published a book justifying his conduct, entitled *Mes Prisons*.]

Blood red letters seem fairly to shout *Mes Prisons* from the white cover of the book, which contains both the defense and the accusation of ex-Premier Joseph Caillaux. Its author dedicates his work to all who have understood him and divined his true intentions. As an accusation against his enemies, it opens with the bold challenge of the Grand Master of the Knight Templars, Jacques Molay, who, as he mounted the scaffold, exclaimed to the King: 'I summon you before the bar of God.' Caillaux paraphrases this into: 'I summon you before the bar of history.'

That is intended for Clemenceau. The two men were once the best of friends. Caillaux was, in fact, Clemenceau's discovery. The latter found him a university professor, recommended him to Waldeck-Rousseau, and, later, received him into his own cabinet as Minister of Finance. Even at that early date, the mines were being laid which subsequently wrecked his fortunes. The reason was his tax proposals. After the overthrow of the opera bouffe ministry of the wine dealer Monis, to which he also belonged, Caillaux was appointed Premier of France. He did not hold office long. But during his short period of office the most important diplomatic incident before the war occurred: the Morocco crisis. He concluded a Morocco treaty with Germany on November 4, 1911, but was defeated two months later. Caillaux gave honorable assurances before the senate committee appointed to consider this treaty, that he had never negotiated with anyone regarding the Congo railway without the knowledge of the foreign office and of the French ambassador at Berlin, Jules Cambon. Thereupon, Clemenceau asked de Selves, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, whether he could confirm Caillaux's testimony. When de Selves said he could not, Clemenceau shouted: 'You told me just the opposite a short time ago.' Caillaux's cabinet was overthrown — that was the feat of Clemenceau, the great cabinet-wrecker. Caillaux promises us to paint the portrait of this man later. His principles and theories are inspired solely by his hatreds. This 'superman,' as Caillaux sarcastically names him, has made France a vassal of England, and isolated it in the middle of a Balkanized Europe. Villain, the assassin of Jaurés, performed but half his allotted task. He hunted for Caillaux for two days in order to send him after his first victim.

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For all opponents were to be cleared from the path. It had been decided to form a military government, with the general staff in control.

Caillaux argues in great detail that an earlier peace would have been much better for France than the present one. Peace in 1915 would not have destroyed the Central Powers; but it would have guaranteed France's moral hegemony in Europe, and made it the protector of European democracy. Another opportunity was neglected in 1917. The Russian Revolution, America's entrance into the war, and the victory of France at Verdun, were a most favorable conjecture for such negotations. But the chauvinists, the imperialists, and the reactionaries in France joined forces with the pan-Germans in Prussia; and France had to bleed on, because England had not attained the purposes for which it was fighting. His open championship of an earlier peace brought him bitter enmities. A remarkable coalition was organized against him — royalists at one extreme, and 'hurrah-patriots' at the other, with Clemenceau as wire puller. Caillaux writes: 'I had no illusions as to what was being prepared for me, but I never considered for a moment leaving the country, as my friends urged. I remained in my seat as deputy and let things come as they would.'

And come they did with all speed. The charges brought against Caillaux are still fresh in our memories — his alleged negotiations with the anarchist Almereyda-Vigo, with Bolo, with Cavallini, for the purpose of betraying France. We have not room to discuss all of the details of his defense; but we are tempted to tarry over the Lipscher affair because the information he gives is entirely new to us. Lipscher hunted up Caillaux for the first time in January, 1914, and offered him evidence that a leading Paris journal, *Le Figāro*, had accepted a subsidy of 300,000 francs from Tisza. Caillaux refused to consider the evidence. A few days later, Count Michael Karolyi came to him. He said that the object of his visit was to let Caillaux know how painful it was for himself and his friends, who were making every effort to detach Hungary from the Triple Alliance, to see a Paris newspaper of the standing of *Le Figaro* supporting Count Tisza's pro-German policy. *Figaro* had been bribed. Lipscher had the proofs, as he had served as go-between in the negotiations between Calmette, the manager of *Figaro*, and Tisza himself. But Lipscher had now joined the Independence Party. Caillaux did not even then deign to take the matter up. But some months later, after his wife shot Calmette, he arranged to have Lipscher come to see him, and the latter gave him his evidence. Caillaux is emphatic in saying that Lipscher did this without compensation. That occurred in June, 1914. Later, Count Karolyi again called upon him, asking him to have two or three members of Karolyi's Party visit Paris and give him oral evidence of the relations between *Figaro* and pro-German Tisza. These members of the Hungarian parliament actually came to Paris, but Caillaux refused to take their testimony, 'because of the tension which had suddenly arisen between France and Austria Hungary.' A few days later the war broke out. Caillaux writes that he remained Lipscher's debtor for 1500 or 2000 francs. In May, 1915, Lipscher wrote to Caillaux from Switzerland in such a way as to indicate that he wished to submit peace proposals to him. Caillaux never replied to this letter. In October, 1915, a lady came to him saying she was Lipscher's bride, Therese Duver-

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ger, and informed him that Lipscher had been commissioned by Baron von Laucken, formerly councillor of the German embassy in Paris, but at that time civil governor of Belgium, to submit peace proposals. Caillaux brought the matter to the attention of Malvy, Minister of the Interior, and to Briand, who was then Premier, considering that his share in the matter ended there. Lipscher, subsequently, wrote Caillaux several times, and Therese Duverger attempted, though unsuccessfully, to get an interview with him. The police were already busy with the matter. A certain Beauquier, who had been associated with Lipscher in the negotations between *Figaro* and the Hungarian government, had given information against Lipscher to the police. In the course of the investigation, Lipscher was offered 300,000 francs for letters from Caillaux, which were assumed to be in his possession. Lipscher could produce none; for he, naturally, did not possess a single treasonable document. As is well known, Lipscher's letters to Caillaux were discovered in the safe deposit box which Caillaux rented in Florence. They proved nothing. Caillaux says at the end of the chapter in which he recounts this affair: 'It was entirely in my power to destroy these documents. I kept them simply because they were associated with the Calmette matter, and they might be valuable in proving my good faith and correct conduct.'

Of all the heavy charges made against him, nothing remains. They were hardly mentioned in his long trial before the court. The Senate pronounced Caillaux innocent of high treason by a vote of 213 to 28, but condemned him to three years' imprisonment by a vote of 151 to 91, on the charge of 'intercourse with the enemy,' not of 'an understanding with the enemy.' 'They were compelled to declare me guilty in order to justify Clemenceau and his accomplices — not before the country, nor before history, but before a parliamentary body.'

The final chapter is one of the most important documents of the period. Caillaux writes: 'The policy I opposed has given England complete control of the sea and of the greater part of the earth's land surface, without France — except for the recovery of its lost provinces — gaining anything of value but the crumbs that fell from the bounty of the table.'

As Jauréz said: France was no more justified in sacrificing itself for England against Germany, than it would be in sacrificing itself for Germany against England.

After the war was over, two preeminent tasks faced Europe; financial recovery and economic reconstruction. Europe's debts must be internationalized, funded in a general European debt, to include both war debts and the cost of reconstruction, and this debt should be covered by fixed contributions by all the governments involved, and so adjusted that those of the victorious nations would be lighter than those of the vanquished nations. But every country must be encouraged to labor and to produce. Under no circumstances whatever should new tariff barriers have been erected in Europe. New governments like Czecho-Slovakia and Yugoslavia might have been formed, without giving them the right to interfere with the freedom of trade and communication which had existed before the war. Commodities and merchandise should have been allowed to circulate as freely between Vienna and Prague, and between Budapest and Sarajevo, as at any time in the past. The ruling powers blindly permitted a zigzag of paralyzing tariff

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barriers to be raised, instead of drafting a rational economic code for Europe, which would guarantee to every country opportunity for free development. Is it sound and sensible that a country which nature has gifted with an abundance of coal should be permitted to extort an undue profit on that commodity, forcing even its own allies to pay for it an exorbitant price, and a heavy export tax in addition? Such a policy does not promote economic recovery, but encourages economic and financial chaos, sows the seeds of new wars, and lays the mines for new revolutions. Nothing so imperils civilization to-day as the rabid hate formula of chauvinism: 'Germany must pay all the charges of the war.' Caillaux quotes Professor Keynes, to the effect that even Bismarck's iron fist lay lighter upon France in 1870, than does the hand of its ally, England, since the World War. France owes England and America 65,000,000,000 francs and has sunk to a financial vassal of the Anglo-Saxon powers.

As we finish reading this simultaneous defense and accusation — this political *J'accuse* — we ponder a moment: Will Zola's second stout assertion, 'truth is on the way,' prove true in this instance likewise?

[*Stead's Magazine* (Melbourne Liberal Fortnightly), *December 25*]

SMUTS OF SOUTH AFRICA

Jan Christian Smuts became a world statesman at Paris in 1919. He is back in South Africa now where he has just won a fight for political life against Afrikander nationalists who regard him as 'a traitor to his race,' and Labor politicians, who can never forget his use of troops against strikers, and of the weapon of deportation against their leaders. He fought to preserve the Union with the Empire against which he waged war twenty years ago with the ardor and endurance of a Mohammedan.

Is there any man among all the nations more clearly marked for greatness in the international sphere than Smuts? His faults work with his virtues to that end. He has at times used 'force without stint,' power without mercy, against those who have challenged him to violence; at the same time, he has been ever willing to let bygones be bygones, to forget personal feuds, and to unite with old foes for the attainment of new ideals. He is a taciturn man, not genial, not easily winning affection. Without such detachment, could he so readily have changed from Boer to Briton? Or could he, so soon after the European war, have championed the cause of the defeated Teutons against the injustices of the Peace Treaty? He has great reserves of physical strength — the legacy, doubtless, of his childhood on the veldt, though indeed, in early years he was accounted delicate. His intellect has always been of the clearest and most active; he beat all competitors in his studies in South Africa, and at Cambridge. His brain is over-keen, some say; he will often lose a friend for the sake of an epigram. However that may be, it is a brain that impels forward thought. And with it there is that power of swift decision, developed in all great military leaders, that may be used for good or ill, but that inevitably makes for strength.

The circumstances of his life have given him, along with strength, world-vision. He was reared in a community of mingled race — French, Dutch, and German; in the British territory of Cape Colony; with the racial problem of the aboriginals always present. During his early manhood, the influx of Asiatics became a leading political issue. He was inclined in his student

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days to make the brotherhood of humanity his ideal, but he has since shown himself an intense racialist. It is mainly by uniting the forces opposed to Chinese indentured labor that he first came to power after the Boer war. His recent measures for the segregation of the blacks have been denounced by humanitarians as cruel robbery. He has tried by every means to check the progress of the Indians in South Africa, but their attitude of passive resistance has baffled him. Still, the fact that he has been familiar with race problems throughout his political career gives him a qualification for world politics in the coming generation that very few European statesmen possess. And the fact that he makes no attempt to break down barriers of color puts him into sympathy with the great majority of the white race. Asiatic critics have said that the League of Nations is nothing more than a league of white peoples united to dominate and exploit the colored races. It certainly has a powerful tendency in that direction. Sentiments of humanity are hardly as effective in drawing European peoples together as is the near presence of the black and yellow races. If the present age offers a unique opportunity to one who cherishes the ideal of a united white race, and who at the same time would sternly keep the colored peoples either segregated or in subjection, is there any man so well qualified for the part as Jan Smuts?

He is only fifty. He was born on a farm in the Western Province of Cape Colony, his father being a politician as well as a ranchman, representing Malmesbury electorate in the Assembly at Capetown. As a toddler, he worked in the fields, leading a team of draught horses by a rope. Later, he tended in turn geese, pigs, goats, sheep, and cattle and, still a boy, was entrusted with the care of the farm horses. On the veldt, he learned to rough it, often having to cook his own food. He was given elementary teaching at home, until, at the age of twelve, he was sent to a small school at the village of Riebeek. At sixteen, he went to Victoria College at Stellenbosch, and five years later won a scholarship that took him to Cambridge. His success in his studies was unique. At Cambridge he took both parts of the Law Tripos at once and was placed first in the first class in each, besides winning a special prize.

Like many young men, he was a thorough-going idealist, and those who know him like to contrast the writings of those days with the actions of the politician of to-day who appears, to many, a materialist and an opportunist. In a magazine article, he ascribed the greatness of the Dutch entirely to their moral ideals. Their material gains from parasitic exploiting, as in Java, had been truly degrading. He proceeded to preach: 'It is the spirit alone that will not die. That which is temporal is fleeting. . . . In our days, the goal of statecraft in Europe is the material wealth and progress of the nations, or rather of the well-to-do classes — truly by no means an advance on the old Dutch system. Are their efforts successful? Let the strikes answer this question.'

'Let the strikes answer' is a fine handle for Smuts's critics; for under his administration, South Africa has suffered not only from strikes, but from serious industrial riots. But the youth of twenty did not forsee this when he wrote: 'If South Africa is to be great indeed, and not to be merely inflated with the wind of Johannesburg, its greatness will have to depend on its moral civilization, on the sincerity of the striving of its sons for that which is on high, no matter by what road they mean to travel in their upward course.'

Not only did he appeal from the ma-

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terial to the moral, but he doubted the value of that 'Law and Order' which he has since so strenuously upheld. 'If ever in the course of wrong development,' he wrote, 'society sets itself against the individual, the convenience of the many against the primary requirements of the individual, then convenience and passion will have to measure their relative forces. It must be a very transcendent convenience that finally asserts itself against human passion.'

A reference to the anarchism, social and religious, of Bakounin and Tolstoi concluded the article. Europe, said the youthful Smuts, might yet require anarchism in both these forms. If he had not since tasted power, we might have known him in the late war as a Tolstoian 'seditionist!'

Much of his writing of that time was on religious topics. It had been intended in his youth that he should become a clergyman.

After his brilliant success at Cambridge, Mr. Smuts returned at the age of twenty-five to South Africa. He took up law practice at Capetown, but he was soon busy in political writing and work, with a strong pro-British bent. Analyzing the hostility of France, Germany, and others to Great Britain, he considered that attitude to be due, not, as alleged, to British pharisaism, but to British success. Even then, he had visions of a united South Africa. He imagined that Hofmeyer and Cecil Rhodes were going to bring about the union of British and Dutch. In his speech at Kimberley, since famous, he acclaimed Britain's unselfish protection: 'She guards our coasts, but she is wisely leaving us more and more to ourselves.' He defended Rhodes from charges of corruption and opportunism, and made it clear that he had great faith in the British empire-maker.

Immediately afterward, the Jameson raid came like a thunder-clap. Rhodes' attitude seemed to Smuts, and to all who shared his hopes, nothing less than treachery. The Kimberley speech was made ridiculous. What could the young Dutch advocate of Anglo-Dutch union do but retire from politics and keep his mouth closed? When he did speak in public again, it was to declare Mr. Rhodes to be a permanent barrier between English and Dutch.

Young Smuts moved from the Cape to the Transvaal. A friend of his recalls that his appearance in those days was very different from that of the General Smuts of to-day: 'Imagine a palefaced, tremendously serious-looking young man, who appeared much taller than he really was, owing to his thinness; given to holding converse with the pavement, always in thought, and seemingly taking no notice of what went on around him; with high cheek-bones and the hungry look that betokens the man whose mind is grappling with many problems.'

He had time, however, to think of a friend of his college days — Miss Sybilla Margaretha Krige, a lady who had rivalled his success in scholarship. He made a flying visit in 1897 to her home in Stellenbosch, and brought her back as his bride.

In the following year, at the age of twenty-eight, he was appointed state attorney for the Transvaal, by Oom Paul Kruger. This, his first appointment, involved him in an accusation of self-seeking. He had supported Kruger in a dispute with his judiciary. Smuts's friends say that his action in standing against his legal confreres showed his moral courage. His foes say otherwise.

But destiny was hurrying upon the Transvaal. By the middle of 1899, the differences with Britain had become acute. Smuts accompanied Kruger to his interview with Milner at Bloem-

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fontein. He played a leading part in the final negotiations with the British agent at Pretoria. Of course, the jingo writers of Britain at the time found his conduct anything but noble. However, they have come to know him better.

The war came. Smuts began his part by wielding the pen-weapon, having a large share in the vigorous Dutch manifesto, 'A Century of Wrong.' He still aimed at the establishment of a united South Africa—but under a Dutch flag. He was one of the two men left in charge of Pretoria just before the place was taken by Lord Roberts' army. His chief duty was to save the state treasure. The bankers would not give up the funds till Smuts threatened them with violence. Only in the nick of time was the coin removed.

Smuts then went into the field, and was given a command. He distinguished himself in guerilla strategy. He had exceedingly narrow escapes, being surrounded on one occasion by the khaki troops while he was sleeping. Once, too, he was poisoned. He and his men were near starvation, and they ate a vegetable substance called 'Hottentot's bread.'

Those who used to read the vituperation of the Boers in the British press may remember the hideous conduct of which Smuts was alleged to have been guilty while beseiging O'okiep. The reports were false, like most of their kind, and it is now admitted that Smuts merited rather the praise given him by an English officer who had been his prisoner: 'No Bayard ever behaved better to an enemy.'

At the Vereeniging conference, Smuts stood with Botha for peace. He urged the Boer leaders to consider not the glories of war, but the fate of the whole people. It needed more courage, he said, to yield than to go on fighting. He accepted the inevitable, and could only hope for the reconstruction of South Africa under the Union Jack.

It can scarcely be doubted that, if the British Conservatives had had their way and had kept the Boers a conquered people, both Smuts and Botha would have spent their energies in the succeeding years in opposing British rule. Smuts's attitude in the years of Milner's rule, before the Liberals at Home had begun their work of reconciling and liberating the Boers, is indicated in a letter that he wrote in 1904 to Miss Hobhouse, the British lady who had appealed to her nation on behalf of the Boer women and children. He said:

'I saw in a cable that Lord Milner had represented the majority of the Boers as in favor of Chinese, or at any rate, quite apathetic. That a large proportion of the Boers are apathetic is, no doubt, true; but these are the people who have lost all hope and heart, who are prepared to see this government do anything in the Transvaal, who see that the course of the administration is, in spite of all warnings and remonstrances, directed toward ruin and disaster. . . . Beneath this apathy there burns in the Boer mind a fierce indignation against this sacrilege of Chinese importation. . . . You must not blame me too much for sitting still and doing nothing. There is a strong desire in me, and in us all, to do something, but what? There seems to be nothing in common between our ideas of public policy and those of the authorities. . . . Hence I prefer to sit still, to water my orange trees, and to study Kant's *Critical Philosophy*. . . .'

But Smuts could not stay inactive. A couple of months later he was taking part in the conference that led to the formation of the People's Party — *Het Volk*. Botha became the chief of the party, and Smuts his lieutenant, and the two worked in double harness till the time of Botha's death. Their early

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battles were naturally for self-government, and the right of the Boers to have their own language taught to their children. But it was the issue of the Chinese indentures that brought them into sympathy with a large section of the British community. The official Unionist Party at that time represented not the British people but British financial imperialism. One of its essential policies was that Asiatic laborers should be imported to work the mines cheaply. Smuts declared the introduction of the Chinese had been a crime, and insisted that he would not rest till they had all left the shores of South Africa. At the same time, he spoke of the menace of the blacks as an additional reason for coöperation among the whites.

In winning the support of some of the Britons, both Botha and Smuts offended some of their own countrymen, and ever since that time there have been Boers to denounce them as traitors. Their troubles with organized labor also began as soon as they took office, and in their first year, 1907, they called out British troops to patrol the reef against a strike of miners — among whom were Boers who had been their companions in arms. The hard times that had fallen upon South Africa in consequence of the war, made it impossible for any government to rule in ease and comfort. To meet the slump in employment, the government opened relief works, but paid the men only three shillings six pence a day — almost a starvation wage at that time. Botha and Smuts showed little regard for the workers' feelings. They liked to tell them to 'take their coats off.' Smuts told a clever story to the effect that the fault of the Transvaal was that the ground was too low — 'you have to bend your back to work!' Moreover, in unguarded moments he would betray that love for power which has always been held against him by his enemies. Someone spoke of the Botha government as a steam roller. Smuts accepted the description, saying it was necessary at times to put the steam roller into operation.

The difficulties in the Transvaal were becoming serious, but Botha and Smuts were men of wide vision, and their local troubles did not hinder them from working for a united South Africa. The Union was formed in 1909. Botha and Smuts continued in power.

What has happened since then may be briefly told. The opposition of the Boer Nationalists, under Hertzog, and the Labor Party has grown steadily. The Chinese indentures have been ended, but the government has failed to solve the problem of the Indians. When the law obliging the Indians to register was to be enforced, so many of them refused to obey, that General Smuts had perforce to admit that he could not imprison them all. The difficulties with the blacks are growing rather than diminishing. They are demanding political rights, and they, with their friends in Britain, are denouncing the South African authorities for depriving them of much of their land.

Labor agitation, however, has most seriously threatened Smuts's power. The Johannesburg riots of 1913, and the calling out of troops on that occasion, probably ended all possibility of reconciliation between the Botha-Smuts government and the organized workers. The troops actually fired into the crowd, causing considerable bloodshed. Again in 1914, there was a labor rising, almost a revolt. The government met it by deporting nine of the ring-leaders, without any legal authority. Again, the military were called out, and one of their commanders ordered: 'Do not hesitate to shoot.'

Could Botha and Smuts continue to

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meet the united opposition of labor and the nationalists? It seemed unlikely. But the Great War came. It left the question unanswered.

Smuts's first campaign was against the rebels in his own country, under General de Wet. His operations were rapid and uniformly successful. The campaign probably strengthened Smuts's authority, but one incident remains to rankle in the minds of nationalists. After de Wet had surrendered, one of his subordinates, Jopie Fourie, continued to resist, and killed twelve of the government's troops at Nooitgedacht. Fourie was captured and sentenced by a court-martial to death. Smuts signed the death warrant. Since then, the name of Jopie Fourie has been often on the lips of Smuts's opponents.

We need not trace General Smuts's victorious campaigns in German South West Africa. We need not prophesy his political future in South Africa. Perhaps he will eventually go back to watering his orange trees. He has a delightful farm home, and a family of six.

But will the veldt ever hold Jan Smuts for long? Will South Africa hold him? Has he not shown himself the type of man to whom the white race looks for leadership?

[*Japan Magazine* (Tokyo Japanese Literary Monthly), *January*]

SIBERIA TO-DAY

BY SHOMU NOBORU

DURING my trip to Siberia last summer, 1920, my most serious impression was that the utterly demoralized condition of the country was the result of the breakdown of civilization throughout the world. What conditions did I find in Siberia? A profound moral degradation, educational facilities demolished, undertakings of all kinds at a standstill. The huge buildings still left standing in the cities were useless except as witnesses of how serious the destruction had been; as also the remains of engines, cars, and rails at the sides of the road. Even an enormous bridge was seen, several miles in length, fallen diagonally into the river. Everywhere I went, these terrible reminders of past civilization were lying about. Indeed, I had much ado to keep from weeping when I thought of Russia the Mighty now prostrate in the dust.

But these were merely the external aspects of the change. Looking more deeply beneath the surface, in investigating conditions further east, I came to realize the extent of Russia's embarrassment and the terrible tragedies the Revolution has caused. First, it must be noted that the cultured and wealthy classes are suffering for lack of bread, as they can find no suitable employment. I was told at Habarovsk that a man who had formerly been a general in the Imperial army had been reduced through poverty to driving an omnibus, and that his daughter had been forced into prostitution for the same reason. In such a condition, titles and degrees counted for nothing. All were swept into the vortex and carried away. Let me give some idea of the state of civilization as I found it.

First, as to education, I found complete demoralization on account of the difficulty of getting the necessaries of life. This was in the extreme east. Although schools are not usually in session in the summer time, when I made my trip, yet everywhere I found there were no evidences of them at any season of the year; and I heard from officials that while in some districts schools were opened, in general they were non-existent. The number of children has greatly decreased and only a small number of these are at-

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tending. School books and stationery are scarce and on account of poverty but few children can get them. Very poor text books published in Japan and China are being used, but the price is exceedingly high. Then the teachers cannot support themselves, on account of the sudden fall of the ruble, and so, cannot help their students.

While I was traveling from Habarovsk to Nikolaievsk, I became the train mate of two Russian young ladies, and listened to their conversation. Both were school teachers at Habarovsk but they could not live on their salaries, and had given up their positions. One intended to go to Vladivostok, the other was bound for Harbin. Perhaps they might at last be caught in the net of fate and sink to unlicensed prostitutes, or beggars wandering from town to town. The case being thus, the schools everywhere are closing for want of teachers, and education in Eastern Siberia is declining more and more. I deeply sympathize with the children of school age in Siberia who cannot get an education. Not only the children, but young men and women, too, have lost facilities for education, since the business schools and the colleges have closed, and they are idly spending priceless years in vain regrets. While I was passing an important station on the Ussuri railway, I met the son of a certain country squire. He had had bright prospects of entering a Petrograd university, but as things were now, he could only while away his time in this country place. I was deeply sorry for him.

Next, let us consider religion. The people are in general adopting a *laissez-faire* policy, and hence faith, too, is declining. After the Great War, the Revolution came, difficulty in gaining food followed, and naturally a loss of faith. Recently, however, we hear of a revival of spiritual life. I, myself, attended services wherever I went, in accordance with my custom, and found everywhere about 70 to 80 per cent attendance. At places like Harbin, where the atmosphere of the Empire still exists, the churches are full. The central cathedral is always crowded. Escaping from real life, the people find themselves in another world when they enter church and are suffused with strong emotion as if the former days had returned. This we could sense in the zealous prayers, ardent faces, and mystic air of intense longing for spiritual revelation. In eastern Siberia I saw no fine cathedrals, though we have one such in Tokyo. Whenever I saw the Byzantine architecture with its round domes, or the Gothic spires on the hilltop churches, as these rose from the plains in the clear blue northern sky, I found the fascination they exercised over me was wonderful, because they recalled the Middle Ages to my mind. In the intervals of the solemn ritual service, the deep male voices, chanting slow music, make a deep impression. I catch a glimpse of the power of Russian religious fervor, in participating in such a service. This religious faith has grown up in them through a thousand years of their history and has become a part of their deepest inner life. So, although it may become weak or cold for a time, it will surely revive again.

But this present revival of faith is certainly no evidence of a reaction from Bolshevism. It is rather the faith that comes from passive endurance of evil — the idea expressed in the popular saying, 'In extremity, man prays.' As a result of the horrors experienced in war, the hard living conditions so long continued, the realization that life is uncertain and evanescent and that nothing in this

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world is in stable equilibrium, the people, naturally, turn to God as their only sure dependence. As the sudden fervor of religious faith which has taken hold of the people of eastern Siberia appears to be the concomitant of intense pessimism; it is not an active force. It will be a long time before there is a great national religious crusade against Bolshevism.

While spiritual life is suddenly showing a great revival, yet, moral conditions in eastern Siberia are getting worse and worse in consequence of the hard living conditions. Now these two statements may appear curiously paradoxical, but, indeed, the truth is that to Russians, religion and morality have appeared quite separate and distinct from each other for long ages. The religious zeal of the people might rise to inconceivable heights, and yet the high-water mark of their moral life be very low. A man may go to church and to the confessional, and pray in tears, and then a little later, tempted by the odor of *vodka*, may drop into a wayside saloon, become intoxicated, quarrel, fight, and, not seldom, even commit murder. The Russian temperament is lacking in calmness and self-control. Easily running to extremes, the people show religious zeal, but a low morality. Their morals being more practical than their religion, tend to be more easily affected by daily life, and hence become corrupted. When the problem how to live becomes dominant, both religion and morals seem to lose their power.

To-day, the disorganization of the home and the degradation of women have almost reached the lowest point. Low sex morality, which formerly was asserted to be due to Russian characteristics, is now intensified by the living conditions. For example, there are now many widows in Russia on account of the war. If they have children to feed and educate, they cannot live in the usual way and are obliged to barter their chastity for gold. Again, many young women refugees are coming in from western Russia. If they cannot make a living, they must join the host of unlicensed prostitutes who sit in the parks in the dusk of evening. To see those who had formerly lived a sober, normal life thrown into this black abyss is a pitiful sight indeed.

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[*Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist Liberal Daily), *February 10*]

MAZZINI AND NIETZSCHE

BY ELISABETH FÖRSTER-NIETZSCHE

AMONG the papers left by my brother, Friedrich Nietzsche, I found a little memorandum to the effect that the moral phrases used by a nation at different periods in its history might remain the same, but that the sentiments expressed by these phrases might completely change. He cited several examples of this. 'Among the people with whom I have lived, men are classified as good, noble, and great. The word "good" varies considerably in meaning, according to the viewpoint of the user. In fact, it is employed with contradictory meanings. "Noble" generally indicates something more than good, not extraordinary goodness, but a different quality in a good man, which places him somehow in a superior category. A "great" man in the current acceptance of the word need be neither good nor noble. I recall only one example in this century of a man to whom all three adjectives could be applied even by his enemies — Mazzini.'

Recently, someone asked me about my brother's acquaintance with Mazzini. I had to reply that it was only a fleeting travel acquaintanceship made under unusually romantic surroundings and circumstances. My thoughts flew back fifty years. My brother had returned in the autumn of 1870 from the war, where he had served as a nurse for a short period. He was in ill health. His war experiences had shaken him to the depths. He had chanced to be an eye witness of the horrible way French prowlers tortured the helpless wounded who fell into their hands. He rarely spoke of this, because the mere memory excited him so unpleasantly. After the physical and spiritual shock of his military life, he returned to his professorship in Basel too early, and broke down completely. His physician ordered him to go South, and to take his 'jolly young sister' with him. Therefore, I was suddenly summoned from icebound North Germany, and picking my brother up at Basel, we started for Italy. At that time, there was no railway through the Gotthard, and we had to take the coach road over the mountains, as our predecessors had done for centuries. We bought our tickets for the journey at Lucerne, and our guide regarded his party from that time on much as a piece of private property which he had to look after. I still recall pleasantly his good humored, confidence-inspiring countenance. I got my brother tucked away in a sheltered spot on the deck of the steamer, well wrapped up with rugs and furs, but found my precautions unnecessary, for our route lay down the sunny side of the lake, and the breath of spring was in the air, although the northern shore still looked gloomy and icebound. I soon noticed that our guide was showing particular attention to another couple in the party, and, a little later, he confided to us who they were. 'The old gentleman is a very distinguished man, but no one must know who he is, for he has been exiled from his native country as a dangerous subject and a

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reward of many thousand lire has been placed upon his head. But,' continued the good man, triumphantly, 'I know him well. He is a wonderful gentleman, and I shall not betray him.' When I asked, with intense curiosity, who he was, the guide looked around, placed his hand cautiously over his mouth, and whispered to me: 'Mazzini.' My brother said quickly: 'Do you understand, Elisabeth? That is Fantasio.' We had just read an English book, *Lorenzo Benoni*, which we had been told described the personal adventures of the two Italian conspirators, Ruffini. A very noble, and sympathy-inspiring conspirator named Fantaso was an important character in the story, and was supposed to portray Mazzini. The guide finally yielded to our entreaties to point him out. He was not difficult to identify; for all of the rest of the passengers aboard the steamer were Swiss, returning from some celebration. Mazzini sat wrapped up in a big gray rug at the forward end of the deck. His finely-shaped head with its abundant white hair gave him a striking appearance. Care and trouble had engraved deep lines in his noble, haggard countenance, which had the yellow cast of a Southerner. As his gaze swept over the beautiful landscape, he gradually turned in our direction. His dark and marvelously brilliant eyes betrayed an expression of such suffering, that we were both a little intimidated by his glance. It came back to me vividly, later, when I read an account of a letter written by Mazzini, in the *Memoirs of an Idealist*, describing the impression which the trip over the Lake of the Four Cantons made upon him. The authoress, Malvida von Meysenburg says: 'One day when I was with C, she received a letter from Mazzini containing an extremely poetical and melancholy account of his trip down the Lake of the Four Cantons. He described how the solemn repose of the glorious landscape inspired him with deep religious sentiment, a renewed faith and hope for his fatherland, which he so ardently loved and which he could visit only in secret.' That particular letter must have been written long before 1871; but I was none the less sure that Mazzini was overpowered by the same sentiment at the moment when we chanced to catch the expression of his eyes as he again surveyed that magnificent mountain panorama.

We reached Fluelen on a marvelously beautiful evening, and had to stay there over night, because the post wagon to Gotthard did not leave until morning. Had we come a few days earlier, we would have been obliged to tarry here for fourteen days; for it took that time to open the roads over the pass after a recent heavy snow fall. Our guide told us that the snow lay two metres deep above the stone walls along the highway.

At supper, we discovered that Mazzini and his young Italian companion were the only other guests besides my brother and myself. However, my brother and I sat at some distance from them, at a little private table. After dessert, we drew up to the warm stove and overheard the lively Italian conversation of the two gentlemen, who were at some distance from us. Mazzini's voice was a particularly pleasing one. I could not understand what they said, but my brother told me that Mazzini was trying to explain the beauty and the genius of Goethe's poetry to his young companion. Before long, I heard Mazzini quoting:

> Sich des Halben zu entwöhnen
> Und im Ganzen, Vollen, Schönen
> Resolut zu leben.

My brother ever afterward associated this quotation with Mazzini. The next morning, our hostess asked

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us if we would not take breakfast at the same table with the other two guests. She tried to make us understand by a wink that the old gentleman with whom we would sit was a very interesting man. Apparently, Mazzini's incognito was rather transparent; but he was registered as Mr. Brown. I took my seat at table, next to the eminent conspirator, with a beating heart. He addressed me in perfect French. My brother, after Mazzini had looked at him inquiringly, apologized for not taking much part in the conversation, because he was feeling seriously indisposed and, moreover, he spoke such an extraordinarily literary French that I, his sister, always insisted it sounded like Racine and Corneille and was impossible to understand. I added to this that in my brother's opinion and mine, languages were taught in the German schools so that no ordinary man could express himself in them. My brother said, jokingly, that he could carry on a conversation much more easily in Latin or Greek. Mazzini would listen to no criticism of the German schools, and kept repeating they were splendid institutions. Finally, my brother begged us to continue our conversation without paying attention to him. He enjoyed listening and might, perhaps, throw in a word of Latin here and there, which he did. Mazzini seemed to enjoy this. He told us that he could understand German very well, but could not talk the language.

It was a glorious day and quite like spring, until we reached Amsteg. Two immense mail wagons took us passengers and our luggage. Mazzini and his companion occupied the first, my brother and I had a top seat in the second. After leaving Amsteg, the snow became deeper, and the progress of the heavy mail wagons constantly slower. So we welcomed the change to the little sleds which were to take us over the pass itself. They were remarkably pretty little vehicles. I must not tarry with a description of the magnificent landscape, but when we reached the higher altitudes, all nature above, around, and below us, was a symphony of three colors: blue, white, and gold.

The mail stopped at midday at Andermatt, where we four had another opportunity to converse. I think we all felt that we were utterly isolated from the rest of the world in this smoke-blackened, wainscoted room, from which we looked out over an endless wilderness of sparkling snow drifts. When I mentioned this impression of solitude to Mazzini, he said: 'Yes, indeed, our surroundings are well-calculated to produce that feeling. And yet, we are not really remote from the world, but in fact at its very centre. Mt. Gotthard is the very heart of Europe. Four rivers rise in the neighboring mountains, whose valleys are the seats of modern civilization. On the banks of these streams men made settlements in the earliest ages. These grew through trade and industry and became powerful cities. Later, men perfected the finer arts, and the channels of these rivers became the highways by which the treasures of culture were distributed to the world. And each of these streams, which plunges so merrily down these heights to grow into a great burden-carrier of civilization, broadens out until it becomes a majestic flood, merging, finally, with the waves of the mighty ocean. But,' he concluded, casting a smiling side glance at my soup, which stood unobserved and untouched before me, 'I strayed into the realm of fancy. Let's get back to facts.'

My brother had listened to Mazzini's remarks with great interest, and observed that the four rivers which began in this solitude were an excellent symbol of the solitude of a great thinker, whose mighty world-moving

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thoughts spread out like civilizing rivers and fructify the world. He ended by a humorous allusion to Mazzini's last remark: 'Let us stay here in the land of fiction, for fictions are what give magic to life and make it worth living — not truth, not reality.' Mazzini listened to him with almost startled attention, and in his turn forgot to eat.

We soon had to resume our journey. At the summit of the pass, we again stopped for some time at the Albergo S. Gottardo, for our guide to make a careful inspection of our whole procession of sixteen little sleighs. They were very simply built. Each one held two people. In front there was a board where the driver sat. While we were waiting, the beautiful dogs for which Gotthard is famous — which rescue people lost in the snow — came up to us and laid their heads confidingly on the robe in which we were wrapped. I gathered together all the remnants of food in our traveling hamper, and my brother asserted that he never had seen dogs eat with such self-respecting dignity as these. Mazzini and his companion got out of their sleigh and came over to mine. They teased me for feeding the dogs. Mazzini insisted that I did it solely from interested motives, because we were about to descend into Tremola valley, where the avalanches are very dangerous. I wanted to curry favor with the dogs so that they would rescue me first in case of an accident. We joked and laughed, no one taking the danger seriously. However, the guide showed some concern. In spite of the mild spring air, he wrapped us all carefully in our rugs and furs. I have often recalled, later, the conscientious concern he showed for the precious human cargo entrusted to his care. He certainly knew who Mazzini was, and he seemed to feel that my brother was also a person of importance. When we started again, the guide, who had previously allowed our sleigh to lead out of courtesy for its lady passenger, inquired if it would not be better to let another sleigh go ahead on the descent. We readily agreed to this. It was a marvelous trip. The drivers drove at a mad pace, so that we felt as if we were flying. Such a deep snow had fallen that only a narrow roadway had been cleared. When we reached that portion of the way which is called Tremola Valley, where the Gotthard road descends from the summit to the valley level in forty-six bold spirals, and plunged downward at a gallop, I could look from our narrow highway into the fathomless depths below, and I had a feeling of liberation, as if my physical limitations had vanished. We swept past the verge of yawning precipices with such assurance that we seemed to have mastered nature. I could hardly keep from shouting with jubilant delight.

Suddenly, there was a piercing shriek ahead of us. The leading sleigh, the galloping horse, and the passengers, vanished instantaneously into the abyss. A moment of frightful confusion followed, when it was a miracle that other sleighs did not also plunge down the mountain side. As if by magic, rescue apparatus was produced. A rope ladder was let down, and our guide disappeared over the edge. A moment after, we heard his shout from below: 'It won't be so bad! It won't be so bad after all!' In fact, it obviously was not so bad, for our own driver, who had handed his reins to my brother and was lying flat in the road looking over the edge, began to make lively gestures, to laugh, to shake his head a moment, laugh again, and wound up by shouting gaily: *Va bene! Va bene!* The rest of the party took up the same joyous re-

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frain, and our composure was completely restored when the guide's face, beaming with gratification, appeared a moment later over the edge, with the almost incredible report that the sleigh was broken and the horse was lame, but none of the people had been injured in the slightest. 'But where are they?' I asked. The fine fellow began to laugh and said: 'They've got a little ahead of us. They're waiting on the second turn below until we get there. Then they'll come along with us.' It was a remarkable accident. A few feet on either side, and they would have plunged to eternity. The sleigh, its occupants, and the horse had swept completely over the first turn in the road, into a deep pocket of snow beyond. But the snow was so deep and so soft that they had suffered no injury. As our guide observed: 'They fell like a mouse in a flour bag.' Since help was speedily at hand, and the unfortunates were at once liberated from their snow prison, their fall of a few hundred feet had done little harm.

Finally, we got under way again, but now proceeded cautiously, and it was quite a time before we reached the point where our companions had so suddenly landed. The man in the party was leaning a little heavily on his cane. His companion, who, I recognized to my surprise, was a lady, laughed merrily over the episode. She was wearing a peculiar fur cap and all day long I had taken her for a man. It occurred to me that the kind of a head gear she wore was to be highly recommended for people exposed to such experiences. Mazzini also, who came up to inquire whether the shock had unsettled us likewise, gazed in admiration at this immense fur cap. A couple of other travelers, vigorous men, congratulated the parties to the episode with affected envy. They insisted that they not only paid regular fare, but a special fee for accidents besides, and had got nothing extra for their money.

Eventually, we reached a stopping place at a lower altitude, where we again exchanged our little sleighs for a heavy mail wagon. We four preferred to walk ahead a way, and let the wagon overtake us. We thus came to a point from which there was a wonderful outlook far, far down the valley to the South. Mazzini's young companion shouted joyfully: *Italia!* Of course we were still in Switzerland, but the sunny land beyond the Alps was already in sight. Corinna's words in Madame de Stael came involuntarily to my lips — though to-day they would hardly occur to myself or to any other German. That was a time when we all loved Italy, so I shouted with enthusiasm: 'Italy, empire of the sun, cradle of letters, mistress of the world, I salute thee! How many times has the human race done homage to thy arms, to thy art, and to thy skies!' Mazzini seized my hand and pressing it with a sort of religious fervor said: *Patria mia!* My brother was deeply moved by this scene, and, later, remarked to me: 'Happy the land whose sons speak of their fatherland with such devoted fervor.'

Evening at last arrived, and we took leave of our companions, just at dusk, in a little inn at Airolo. Mazzini told us that his journey took him in another direction, and asked our destination. I said joyously: 'Lugano. It's said to be a paradise.' Mazzini replied with a melancholy smile: 'Every place is paradise for youth.' He promised to visit us either at Lugano or at Basel. We all were saddened by the parting. Each had moist eyes, and we repeated over and over again in all three languages: *Auf Wiedersehen!* But we never met again. Soon afterward Mazzini fell ill, and hardly a year had passed before this noble, passionate fighter closed his weary eyes forever.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Poem Written by American Lady Wins Place in Imperial Contest

[From the *Japanese Times and Mail*]

MRS. CHARLES BURNETT, wife of the Military Attaché to the United States Embassy in Japan, is accorded the distinction of being placed among the foremost ranks of Japanese poets in consequence of her New Year's poem, 'Before the Shrine of Ise at Dawn.'

Mrs. Burnett is the first foreign woman to have her verse read before the imperial family in Phœnix Hall at the Palace. Her contribution, submitted anonymously and judged from a purely literary point of view, was selected from among some seventeen thousand sent from all parts of the Empire. It was written in Hira-kana, Japanese characters, and conformed in every respect to the requirements of the time-honored custom of O Uta Hajime (The Opening of Imperial Poems) dating from the ninth century, when imperial poems came into existence as a court function.

Mrs. Burnett's verse is considered most remarkable in view of the fact that it is technically perfect, written in character, and is the first instance of a foreigner composing original verse in Japanese. The vernacular papers have published verse she has written on ceremonial occasions with most favorable comment, but this is the first imperial recognition accorded her. Her first compositions, written during a former residence of three years in Japan dating from 1911, were written in Romaji, until she finally came to write wholly in Japanese characters.

'Japanese literary authorities regard Mrs. Burnett's genius for interpretation as being of an unusual order and she is the first foreign woman ever recognized in Japan, as a poet in the Japanese language.'

Paris Mid-Lent Carnival

LATIN QUARTER students have elected their queen for the Mid-Lent Carnival. They have not followed the voters in other wards of Paris and chosen a brunette. The Queen of the Students is a blonde, and so are her maids of honor. It was a joyous, and, at times, turbulent election, held in an old convent, now a hostel of the Association of Students, to which we were bidden by the 'escholiers,' and given a voting bulletin. Over four hundred lusty young men, wearing velvet caps, acclaimed the eight candidates as they trooped on the platform, with numbers pinned on the corsage of their pretty frocks. Their faces glowed as the students shouted out the numbers which marked their choice. The first vote was not conclusive — it seldom is — but the second gave a clear majority for Marie Lecca, a beautiful Corsican, with a simple charm reminiscent of Trilby, only she is not an artist's model, but a typist. How the students cheered her triumph!

The duty of conveying to her the official congratulations was entrusted to no less a person than the Maître Villette. He was a striking figure in his black velvet suit, relieved by a decoration of the Legion of Honor, and his

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aureole of gray hair and his panegyric of French beauty were cheered uproariously. The students love the famous old painter, and their admiration for him was increased when he sang three cabaret songs off the reel and gallantly kissed Lisette, which is the name the students give to their Queen, for she is supposed to personify the Lisette of Berenger. There are strong bonds of affinity between the Latin Quarter and Montmartre. The free commune has elected its queen, also a blonde, and she came, with her cavaliers, to greet Lisette. The two queens will be driven in the car typifying the 'Chanson Française' in the coming procession.

Artists' Studios in the City Walls

An attempt is being made by the commune of Rome to remedy the studio shortage,— which is only one phase of the general housing crisis,— by the original plan of allotting some of the more habitable towers and turrets in the ancient city walls to various artists. Many of these old towers can be made perfectly habitable, and when fitted with electric light and comfortable furniture will provide large and picturesque studios for a number of painters. The 'master of the walls,' Signor Francesco Randone, has instituted a school of educative art for children, in the tower of Belisarius.

The new artist-tenants of the turrets and towers will have to assume the nominal duty of keepers or custodians in addition to their responsibility as tenants, but this duty will be only a formal one. Some of the new studios, though they have the disadvantage of being a little distant from the centre of the city, will have fine views over the *campagna*, and will form extremely picturesque abodes. A kind of summer house in the Villa Borghese (the Hyde Park of Rome) has been offered to a well-known artist without a studio.

Stevenson and France

An interesting development in France since the war is the cult of the adventure romance, with Stevenson as the accepted model. True, among French readers only his *Treasure Island* is as yet widely known, but the new novelists have studied every line of him, and some of the young critics seem to know all that has been written about, as well as by, him — a proficiency that might be held to indicate a misspent youth. In their enthusiasm for Stevenson they sometimes belittle his Sir Walter and their own Dumas; and that helps us to understand the new romance — not in France only, but all over — as an evolution from the psychological novel, not a revolt against it. The adventure must not be a fortuitous happening outside the hero, but must issue from his own nature and mood — hence (the question of form apart) the preference of *The Master of Ballantrae* over, say, *Catriona*. And the curious thing is that in consequence the 'love element' in recent French adventure, story seems to be taking on quite a British character.

*Mr. Conrad's Déshabillé**

In the characteristic introduction to this reprinting of his short articles Mr. Conrad alludes to himself as being as near to déshabillé as he ever will be in the public eye, and he likens this collecting of papers to a tidying up process.

> Perhaps it will do something toward a better vision of the man, if it gives no more than a partial view of a piece of his back, a little dusty (after the process of tidying up), a little bowed, and receding from the world, not because of weariness or misanthropy, but for other reasons that cannot be helped: because the leaves fall, the water flows, the clock ticks with that horrid pitiless solemnity which you must have observed in the

* *Notes on Life and Letters.* By Joseph Conrad. (Dent. 9*s.* net.)

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ticking of the hall clock at home — for reasons like that. Yes! It recedes. And this was the chance to afford one more view of it.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Conrad is unnecessarily pessimistic, and that he will continue to write and express his views for many years to come, for he holds a peculiar and distinctive place in contemporary literature, albeit his novels do not appeal to everyone. To use his own phrase about De Maupassant, Mr. Conrad's 'renown is universal, but his popularity is restricted.'

The articles reprinted in this volume were written between 1898 and 1920, and represent the author in reminiscent and controversial mood, together with some views on politics and literary contemporaries. He has much to say, of course, about Poland and its recent history, for part of his youth was spent in that country. The paper entitled 'Poland Revisited' is an interesting piece of autobiography, and the best of the collection from the literary point of view. It contains a trenchant opinion of the national character of Germany:

> That promised land of steel, of chemical dyes, of method, of efficiency; that race planted in the middle of Europe assuming in grotesque vanity the attitude of Europeans among effete Asiatics or barbarous niggers; and, with a consciousness of superiority, freeing their hands from all moral bonds, anxious to take up, if I may express myself so, the 'perfect man's burden.' Meantime, in a clearing of the Teutonic forest, their sages were rearing a Tree of Cynical Wisdom, a sort of Upas tree, whose shade may be now seen lying over the prostrate body of Belgium (this was written in 1915). It must be said that they labored openly enough, watering it with the most authentic sources of all madness, and watching with their be-spectacled eyes the slow ripening of the glorious blood-red fruit.

Mr. Conrad is at his best in the articles which give scope for his somewhat mordant humor. He ranges from the anachronistic Censor of Plays to the causes which led to the loss of the Titanic. I like, particularly, the paper entitled 'The Life Beyond,' which contains an amusing diversion on circulating libraries, and a powerful protest against the futility and foolishness of ordinary spiritualistic manifestations:

> . . . . An Immortality liable at any moment to betray itself fatuously by the forcible incantations of Mr. Stead or Professor Crookes, is scarcely worth having. Can you imagine anything more squalid than an Immortality at the beck and call of Eusapia Palladino? That woman lives on the top floor of a Neapolitan house, and gets our poor, pitiful august dead, flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, spirit of our spirit, who have loved, suffered and died, as we must love, suffer and die — she gets them to beat tambourines in a corner and protrude shadowy limbs through a curtain. This is particularly horrible, because if one had to put one's faith in these things one could not even die safely from disgust, as one would long to do.

That is well put.

Miss Ellen Terry's Unique Flat

Miss Ellen Terry, whose birthday was recently observed, is about to move into a small flat in the heart of London, which is being decorated for her, as a birthday gift, by artists, who are not only designers but executants. Miss Terry's favorite color is daffodil, and the flat will be a study in yellow.

In the passage (for it cannot be called a hall) a visitor receives the impression of bright and vivid daylight. The walls are painted in brilliant orange, and the dado, also called orange, approaches flame color. An arch midway down, and the outline of the doors are black. A living room and bedroom are painted in deep daffodil yellow, and the woodwork is in gray verging on green. The maid's living room is in primrose, and the little kitchen is white with woodwork of the color known as French vermilion.

The painted walls have none of the ordinary flatness; their lights and shadows are associated with the use of lacquer. They received first a coat of white, then of chrome yellow, and fin-

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ally another, broken with a deeper shade. In the corners there are no broken lights, so that there shall be as little shadow there as possible. In the passage, orange is broken with yellow. The high light throughout, and the brilliant surface are produced by a kind of lac used in the motor industry. The fireplaces, with the usual mantels and tiles, are being brought into harmony by the plentiful use of enamel, with occasional decorative motives in black. The furniture will be mostly of black oak and black lacquer, which will look well against the background prepared for it. The floors are painted black to give tone to the whole, and rugs only will be used.

There is a practical side to this use of good oil color in London rooms; from highly polished surfaces such as these, dust and smudges are easily removed with a damp rag. The process is expensive, but ten years' hence the surface of the walls will be as good as to-day, but mellower. The doors in the passage are of the same color as the walls, but outlined with black; and the front door is black, so as to be easily distinguished. The green paint of the bath room is sized and varnished. Even a narrow store cupboard has its colors, for on the edge of each shelf and the wall behind is a different one.

A New Version

A CHILD of a certain English county, which frequently has the invidious adjective of 'silly' attached to it, namely, Suffolk, was being asked as to the fate of Lot's wife by a Sunday school teacher. 'Come along, what did she turn into?' asked the teacher, helpfully. There was no reply. 'Now, surely you know,' resumed the persevering teacher, 'she turned into a —— into a ——'; the small boy suddenly, and very brightly, 'A pub.'

Mr. Lytton Strachey's Biography of Queen Victoria

FOR a long time, Mr. Lytton Strachey has been engaged on the life of Queen Victoria. It was rumored at one time that in order to obtain the atmosphere with which he felt he ought to approach the subject in the light of history, he took a flat overlooking the Albert Memorial, so that whenever he felt himself becoming too imbued with the popular rosy conception of the Victorian age, he had but to look out of his window. It was a good story, but, as a matter of fact, the book was written wholly in Mr. Strachey's house in Bloomsbury.

When *Queen Victoria* appears, from Messrs. Chatto and Windus, it will be found to be a worthy successor to *Eminent Victorians*. One of the most noticeable features will be found to be the way in which Mr. Strachey, while merely arraying facts, has managed so to arrange and present them that in so doing he has conveyed an opinion which he has not expressly stated in words. Further than this I am not at liberty to say, save that Mr. Strachey's irony and detachment find full scope in what promises to be the most important book of the year.

Still another notice reads:

Mr. Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria* appears on the 10th of April. Its subject and the expectation of what Mr. Strachey's treatment of it will be make in themselves for a success of universal curiosity. But the interest will not all be in the Queen. The book contains a careful and by no means unsympathetic account of the Prince Consort. Prince Albert was too much of a Prussian ever to be popular in England, and the part that he played in English life has never been critically appraised. A third vein of interest will be Mr. Strachey's sketches of Melbourne, Palmerston, and Disraeli.

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[*The Manchester Guardian*]

MR. EINSTEIN LECTURES

BY MAURICE SAMUEL

One expected him as a voluminously bearded Jew, with a vast forehead, bright, sparkling eyes, and a certain obscurity of manner; for this, according to the conventions of the light literature which moulds our views, is the successful Continental professor from anywhere east of the Rhine. Instead, there walked on to the crowded platform a rather tired-looking schoolmaster in middle age, clean-shaven but for a moustache, and indifferently dressed. An easel and blackboard had been arranged on the platform. The professor picked up a piece of chalk from the table and began to talk in an unenthusiastic voice. Not once during the course of the lecture did he make use of either the chalk or the blackboard. I believe they were provided by a sensible committee to put him at his ease.

The vast Concert Hall was crowded. A week before the date of the lecture I had ransacked Vienna for a ticket to Professor Einstein's lecture on the 'Relativitäts-theorie,' and though the lecture hall was to be the large Concert Hall, with a capacity of nearly three thousand, neither love nor money could procure me a ticket. In the end, I obtained a place through the courtesy of an Inter-Allied Commission — a box seat close to the platform, so that I could watch the audience, and then hear the lecturer without difficulty.

The opening remarks of the professor were a disappointment. He seemed to deliver them with an indifference begot partly of familiarity with his subject, and partly of contempt for his audience. Then, as he advanced into the argument, himself exhibiting only the mildest interest in it, a change came over us. We were aware, to our astonishment, of a sudden capacity for thought; we were actually able to understand him; we were following him through bewildering intricacies, and masters of ourselves — firm in our sanity. We began to forget ourselves.

'I strike my hand twice against the table,' said the professor, 'one, two. What is your description of these phenomena? You are inclined to say that two knocks, at different moments, have been delivered on the same spot. Is this true? You are aware, of course, that this room, placed as it is on the earth, is moving through space; firstly, because the world is turning on its own axis; then, because the world is revolving round the sun; and then, because the solar system is itself moving through space. It was, therefore, wrong to have said that two knocks were delivered on the same spot at two different times. The sameness of the spot was only relative to the room in which we were placed. And if we wanted the spot to remain the same in an absolute sense, we should have to annihilate the sense of time — that is, the two knocks would have to take place simultaneously.'

This is perfectly clear; is this Einstein the Incomprehensible? He continues:

'You, therefore, see that identity of place is only possible when the sense of time is absolutely annihilated, and that

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place is only relative to time. But the converse is equally true; that is to say, there is no time-sameness except when the factor of space ceases to exist.'

An exhilarating illusion of clarity comes over us. We understand the professor even before he explains. He continues:

'The simultaneity of two events is purely relative. For instance, supposing that at two points, equidistant from you, two flashes of light were to become simultaneously visible. You would be inclined to say that since light travels with a uniform speed, and the two points were equidistant from you, the outbreaks of light occurred simultaneously. But were you and were the two points of light stationary from the moment of the outbreaks of light, until the moment of the arrival of the light at your eyes? Of course not, for the very earth is not stationary. And your motion with the earth necessarily affected the relativity of the speed of the light to yourself. You were going toward one light and away from the other, and therefore one light came faster toward you, and the other more slowly. Hence, what you saw simultaneously did not occur simultaneously.'

We become almost delirious with the joy of perfect understanding. The professor continues:

'If, on the other hand, the bodies which emitted the light, and yourself, remained relatively unchanged in position during the experiment, that is, none of you moved relatively to the others, would you still be justified in saying that the outbreaks of light occurred simultaneously? I mean, for instance, if the lights were fixed on the earth, and, therefore, moved through space with you. No, not even then. For all three bodies are then moving through space. You are aware that light moves with a certain fixed velocity. What is that velocity relative to? To the ether. Light radiates from a luminous point with equal velocity in all directions, but with equal velocity, — not away from the luminous point, for that itself may be in motion,— but with equal velocity in relation to a fixed point in the ether. If, therefore, the luminous body is itself moving through space, the light which is traveling in the same direction as the luminous point itself is only leaving that luminous point at a velocity equal to the velocity of light, minus the velocity of the luminous point.

'We have taken the hypothesis that the observer is stationary relative to the luminous points in our experiment. He is, therefore, moving in the same direction as they. Now, we have seen that the light traveling from a moving luminous point in the same direction as the point, moves away from that point more slowly than the light traveling away in the opposite direction. It will, therefore, take that light longer to reach the observer if he is in front of the moving point of light, than if he is behind.

'I will make myself clearer. Supposing there is a luminous point in space which is traveling with the same absolute velocity as light. It is clear that those rays of light which travel in the same direction as the luminous point will never leave the luminous point, for the luminous point will always be catching up with them. Suppose an observer to be in front of the luminous point of light, and suppose he is stationary, relative to the point of light; that is, he is moving in the same direction, with the same velocity. Then, as the rays of light never leave the luminous point in that direction, they will never reach the observer. If, however, the common velocity of the luminous point and of the observer diminishes, the light will steadily leave

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the luminous point and reach the observer. Conversely, if the observer is behind the luminous point, and traveling in the same direction, the ray of light would reach him with twice the velocity of light.

'We, therefore, see that under any circumstances, when two rays of light strike the observer simultaneously, it is impossible to say that they set out simultaneously.

'It is, therefore, impossible to establish a simultaneity of events. And similarly, and in consequence, it is impossible to establish a measure of time. A clock moving through space in the same direction as the observer gives a different measure of time according to the relation of the line joining the clock and the observer to the line of light from the clock to the observer, and of the velocity of their common motion to the absolute velocity of light. . . .'

We went from the lecture hall as in a dream. In the vast cloakrooms, where, after concerts, there is bedlam and pandemonium when the audience comes for its overcoats, there was silence. In silence and dazed thoughtfulness, the crowds waited for their clothes. And we went forth into the lightless streets of Vienna like ghosts. For the earth was not under our feet, and the sense of time and space had been taken from us: and like impossible and intangible abstractions we remained immovable and unchangeable in a void which had not even magnitude or duration . . . till the tram came out of the *néant*, and without conviction, we offered the conductor three kronen.

[*The Daily Telegraph*]

NEGRO SPIRITUALS

In the year 1619, a Dutch man-of-war sailed up the James River, and came, the chronicles tell us, to port, at Jamestown. (A little further north, and a little later on, a certain ship called the Mayflower landed — but that is a different story.) The Dutchman's 'stores' contained, among other things, twenty human beings, dark of color, brought as barter to the settlers in Virginia, in exchange for provisions. To this day, no one knows from what port of Africa they came, or from what tribe; even of the name of the ship, or the ship's master, no record remains. The phenomenon surprises no student of histories and of revolutions. Yet, how fraught with ultimate significance was that simple act of brigandage, all the world knows. Its effect on American history need not be recorded here; the part directly and indirectly played by the descendants of those slaves — and of other slaves who arrived in shiploads, generation after generation — in the American War, is known to every schoolboy. To the student of folk-lore it is a curious and significant fact that to-day the only American folk-music is negro. (One excepts such segregated communities as those cousins of ours living in the Appalachian Mountains.) The Englishman, the Scotsman, Irishman, Frenchman, German, Spaniard, each had been settled in America; they had come, as Professor J. W. Work points out,* from countries whose civilization was centuries old, and they brought their institutions, customs, literature, and music with them. They were stronger than their surroundings. Their work was to build a new nation by felling the forests, tilling fields, building roads, cities, harbors, and by making laws. Common interests welded them into one, with wondrous power, but the beginnings were too advanced, the surroundings too conventional, for folk-song creation. Each had brought his own song from his fatherland — which is one simple reason why there is no American

* *Folk-song of the American Negro.*

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folk-song. At the same time, there is an indisputable folk-song in America — an American production, born in the hearts of slaves, expressing the life, not of the whole, but of a part of that tremendous country.

It is easy to see that conditions were all in favor of the negro producing a folk-song expressive of his new surroundings, and influenced thereby. He had not come from a civilization that was the growth of centuries; he was not preoccupied with nation building; he was intensely emotional, and, in his own way, intensely religious; he had inherited from his people a melody,— barbaric, rhythmic, ecstatic,—that was, as it were, the very soul of himself. In Professor Work's phrase, he was not stronger but weaker than his surroundings. 'He did not appropriate, but was appropriated.' Thus his music naturally developed, and to his primitive pentatonic scale — 1–2–3–5–6 — was added a flat seventh.

His involuntary variation of the English language produced a new idiom; the rhythmic characteristic of his own tunes — syncopation — became heightened; and, as for centuries the Bible was the only book he was permitted to 'study,' his songs are full of Scripture — in 'ragtime.' It is this ragtime which is the starting point of much of our misunderstanding of the negro spirituals, and, to our Anglo-Saxon sense of decorum, it is unseemly that he should keep time with his body while he sings of salvation. Yet, it is not the negro's fault that the ragtime rhythms of Leicester Square are associated in our minds with objectionable words and 'beastly tunes.' There must be many among us who remember the visit of the famous Jubilee Singers in the 'seventies. For the first time, Europe — they spent eight months in Germany alone — was made aware of the beauty and significance of these songs. In our own country, Queen Victoria, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Shaftesbury, and Mr. Gladstone did them especial honor, and their concerts in London and the provinces were the sensation of more than one season. Unfortunately for us, they have been mercilessly travestied by troupes of charcoaled 'nigger minstrels,' and even the more recent Southern Syncopated Orchestra, which has done such excellent work in some ways, has not been entirely blameless in the matter of performance. Ragtime, as we know it, is a counterfeit of this music. In the clapping of hands, patting of feet, swaying of body in his religious songs — and any other songs are few and insignificant — the negro is in deadly earnest. The stranger who thinks this is fun, and the 'minstrel' who blacks up his face and throws his audience into convulsions with his 'plantation songs,' have both missed the point. The facetiously-minded spectator has only to ponder for an instant upon the emotion that produced this to cease forever his scoffing:

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?
Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,
Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?

How deeply the religious spirit permeated the plantation life may be gathered from the fact that the Spirituals may be classified under the various heads of Songs of Joy, Songs of Sorrow, of Faith, Hope, Love, Determination, Adoration, Patience, Humility, and Courage. Over five hundred of these songs have been collected in recent

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years, and such educational institutions as the Fisk University — with which the songs are inseparably interwoven — the Hampton Institute, Atlanta University, Talladega College, and others, are engaged in carrying on the work of preservation or development, or both, each in its own way. It was Fisk that first gave them to the world through the band of Jubilee Singers, which left Nashville on the great tour referred to. From Fisk several editions of the folk-songs have been issued, adorned with new harmonies 'in keeping with the idea of development.' These harmonies have been written out as they have been sung by the students, 'naturally and without instructions.' Our own academic methods are different, but this clearly serves its purpose, as all those who have heard 'Shout all over God's Heaven' sung in chorus will remember:

I got a robe,
You got a robe,
All-a-God's children got a robe.
When I get to Heaven
Goin' to put on my robe,
Goin' to shout all over God's Heaven,
Heaven, Heaven.
Everybody talking about Heaven ain't goin' there,
Heaven, Heaven.
Shout all over God's Heaven.

Those who have heard him will scarce require to be reminded how these and many more Spirituals are sung by Mr. Ronald Hayes, the negro tenor, and his recital at Wigmore Hall must have interested all lovers of folk-song of whatever nationality. Himself a man of culture, he is an authority on the songs he sings so well, and his intention is to visit presently various parts of the African continent, on research work.

Already, in London, he has been hard at work on his subject, and the other day, he took down from a friend who is a native of Lagos, Nigeria, a ballad which tells of a family in which there were three sons. The parents asked each son what he wished to make of himself.

The eldest said he wished to be a farmer, and wanted several horses, cows, farm tools, and so on, with which to till the soil. The parents granted him his wish, buying him a large farm. The second son wanted to be a herdsman, so he was given much land and a large herd of cattle. The third and youngest, when asked what he wanted to be, exclaimed with great enthusiasm that he wished to be a great hunter, and that he wanted to go to the bush, with his bow and arrow, and kill tiger, lion, deer, and game of all kinds. Of course, at this, the parents became much alarmed, because they felt his life would be subject to great danger, and under no circumstances must he be allowed to go to the bush. However, they put their heads together and devised a scheme by which animals would be gotten for the boy's sport without his going to the bush. So they caused a ram to be caught, and a wild bullock, and had them tied at the edge of the woods. Then the boy was given a bow and arrow and told not to go to the bush, but that he would find animals to shoot without going so far. So he went out with his bow and arrow, and found the two animals tied at the edge of the woods; but he soon found that this kind of sport was too tame, so, one day, he went to his parents and demanded that he be allowed to go to the bush. Of course, his demand met with a flat refusal, and he was told that he must wait until he had grown up. The boy, not content to wait, one day took his bow and arrow and went to the bush against his parents' wishes. A great storm came, with a downpour of rain, and flooded the whole of that part of the woods. The boy, being ignorant of ways to save himself, and not strong

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enough to stand up against the gale, was swept into a great hole, which was deep, and filled with water. In this hole was a very large tortoise. So the boy, on seeing it, cried out to it to save him from being drowned; whereupon, the tortoise said he would save him on one condition — that the boy would become his slave. The boy agreed. . . . After the storm subsided, and the water had receded, the tortoise put the boy into a bag and took him to the city, where he received fabulous sums of money, by making his bag sing. . . . The song which the bag sang was that of a man and woman having three sons, the eldest of which wanted to be a farmer, and the parents gave him his wish, and he succeeded because he was obedient. The second wanted to be a herdsman, and he was granted his wish, and was successful and happy. The third and youngest had been granted a part of his desires, with a promise of complete fulfillment when he was older, but this boy was disobedient, and his pay was slavery.

One pleads not guilty to any charge of digression from the subject-matter of this column. The tune to which this ballad was sung (in the original Yóruba) by Mr. Hayes is typical of the negro melodies of the States to-day, with the simple difference that it retains the primitive outline of which Western civilization has robbed the Afro-American tunes. Furthermore, in the relationship between this and the songs of Georgia and Tennessee, between each and the fairy tales of Hans Andersen and Grimm, and between those again and our own folk-lore of the Hebrides and the West of Ireland, is that which makes the whole world kin.

THE MONUMENT: A GHOST STORY

BY VIOLET JACOB

My uncle Frederick died in the early days of 1915, and so, though he left me his house, a little money, and a good many miscellaneous possessions, it was only a few months ago that I was able to examine them or to have any idea of what the latter consisted. I was on the Western Front during the first half of the Great War, and when I recovered from the severe wound which brought me home, and it was decreed that I could march no longer, I left the Service and went as an ambulance driver to Palestine. After the armistice I settled with my lame leg and a new-made wife in uncle Frederick's house, where I began, in time, to go through a very wilderness of boxes filled with his private papers.

I had always liked my uncle. He was a tall, spare man who looked like an American — that type of old-fashioned, rather grim American seen in illustrations to New England tales — clean shaven, in semi-clerical black. He always wore the strangely-shaped tall hat of his youth. Where he got these hats from I know not, but they must certainly have been made especially for him. He enjoyed what used to be called 'an elegant leisure,' living out his bachelor life among his books.

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He wrote voluminously,— notes, extracts, comments; though these seemed to produce no result, in that they never saw the light. I used to suppose that they were the outcome of some definite system of thought, but when I came to look at the contents of the boxes, what struck me most was that no plan was distinguishable. He must simply have had a passion for recording. There were no consecutive diaries, nothing but records of things seen, things heard, things remembered. It was the sense of history run wild. What gave them value was the mellow humanity of the mind running through the patchwork.

One of these isolated papers I now give in full, just as it came into my hands; carefully written, and with the leisureliness that was in his speech and ways.

. . . . . .

I had not long left Oxford, in 1876, when I first went to Mintern Brevil. I cannot quite recall what took me there, but I think it was the talk of some casual acquaintance who drew an alluring picture of the quaintness of the small seaside towns on that line of coast stretching between Southampton and Plymouth. Perhaps it was hardly the neighborhood that a young man, presumably athirst for life, might be expected to choose as a recreation ground; but out-of-the-way places have appealed to me always, and I think there is scarcely anything more interesting than to step quietly into some backwater and to let its history and suggestions gradually reveal themselves. It is like descending into an almost dark cave and waiting till the surrounding details come out of their obscurity, and the slowly adjusting eye becomes aware of unsuspected objects, crannies, strange stones, footmarks in the sand. The obvious history of a place is accessible to all who desire to know it, but the other, shadowy history, which is the reality of the composite thing, which has brought its coherent parts together, which is, as the root of the flower, hidden in the ground — that is the soul of it all. I did not know this when I was a young man, or rather, I had not formulated the knowledge, but, looking back on myself, I can see that it influenced me.

It was June, and I had taken a room in a farm house near the top of the steep hill that runs down to the town. The sea below was blue and glittering like a foreign sea, and the houses were clustered in the little bay. That outburst of white flowers which comes with the near approach of midsummer was lighting up bank and hedgerow — white chervil,— like lace,— white catchfly, ox-eye daisies, and the white burnet rose — all were dazzling in the sunlight. Down the hill above the main part of the town, its western door almost in the street, its eastern wall on the cliff, stood the parish church with a square tower, gray against the expanse of blue as one looked down on it. The sea had encroached and eaten away much of the coast by Mintern Brevil, crawling up as though waiting at the foot of its crumbling ramparts to swallow church and churchyard in the fullness of time.

One evening, strolling by, I turned aside up the steps and entered the porch. The main body of the church looked attractive from the inside, being on a higher plane than the spot on which I stood and so giving a different general impression from that produced by the interior of ordinary places of worship. It appeared to be more old-fashioned than ancient, and a gallery ran round three sides of the building, under which I passed as I emerged from the porch. There were many memorial tablets round the walls and a few large monuments with the usual urns and emblems. I never could resist

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memorial tablets. Their occasional bits of information and humanity challenge my mind to clothe the recorded names with personalities, and they raise a whole concourse of sailors lost at sea, of soldiers fallen in half-forgotten campaigns, of women long widowed, and pompous-sounding lawyers and divines. I have always found a few bare words of detail, on a memorial tablet, worth volumes anywhere else.

There was a tall marble slab on the wall of the northern aisle which bore an immense amount of lettering, and I went over to see whether there was anything suggestive to be found there. So long was it and so wordy, that I had to sit down in a neighboring pew to read it. It was a perfect example of those records of human hypocrisy which were the delight of the early nineteenth century, and it commemorated a family belonging to the town. I wondered if there were any descendants left alive to be put to the blush every Sunday by its weary and fulsome pomp. Were there *any* to whom the following could commend itself? . . .

'Sacred to the memory of
THOMAS CORBY WADE, Esquire, Solicitor,
Born at Mintern Brevil, February 24th, 1780.
An affectionate Father and devoted Husband, he fulfilled his private Duties in the same Christian Spirit which actuated his every Public Deed. His strict and honorable probity was the pride of his Fellow Townsmen. His Charities were munificent. To an Upright Character he joined a Suavity of Address which gained him the consideration of all who came in contact with him in his Daily Walk of Life. He contributed largely to every Municipal Scheme which his Enlightened Judgement approved and was untiring in his efforts to ameliorate the condition of the Deserving Poor. He died, the True Example of a Professing and Believing Christian, at his Residence in Avon Street, Oct. 1st, 1841, aged 61 years, regretted by an Afflicted Family and an Inconsolable Public.

Also of
His wife, ELIZA, daughter of the Rev. W. CLARK, Vicar of Cobton, in the county of Dorset. Born June 5th, 1796. Died Aug. 19th, 1835, aged 38 years. A tender wife and mother, bringing up her children in the fear of the Lord and providing a pattern for her neighbors of all that a pious Christian woman should be.

Also of
THOMAS CLARK WADE, M.D., son of the above, whose brilliant intellectual gifts earned universal acclamation and whose practice was one of the largest in the south-west of England. Born March 23rd, 1815. Died esteemed and in full assurance of salvation, May 3rd, 1858, at the age of 43.

Also of
MARY ELIZA. Born Oct. 12th, 1817, who died in Infancy

Also of
EDWIN, born Dec. 1st, 1818, who by his industry and talents made a large fortune in Jamaica, and died 1858, in pious resignation to his Maker's will, from the results of an accident. Lamented by all who had the privilege of knowing him.'

Then came a gap, and some way further down the stone were these words:

'Alured. Died 1851.'

I rose, exasperated. I could picture this intolerable family, whose only recommendation in my eyes was the fact that almost all its members had died moderately young. I looked with relief on a small brass not far off which bore merely the name and age of an obscure officer who had ended his life on the Gold Coast, dying of yellow fever in the place to which his duty had taken

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him. What a happy contrast to the tame brood of Wades with their resounding complacent virtues! The only original thing about the Wade monument was the odd contrast between 'Alured' and his relations, for his name stood apart from theirs as though unfit to appear in that galaxy of rectitude. Why was he so slighted? Why was there not so much as a word to give him significance in that welter of words? I wondered whether he had 'died in infancy,' like 'Mary Eliza,' but the time elapsed between his mother's death and his own forbade the possibility.

I made my way to the western gallery. It was Jacobean, of fine carved wood, and having examined it from below, I ran hurriedly up the stairs, for the light was failing and there was a piece of tapestry on the wall behind the gallery pews that I was curious about. One does not often find tapestry in churches.

I paused for a moment in the front seat. From that position I could see the Wade monument, and I was astonished to notice that a woman was sitting just where I had sat to examine it, and was doing the same thing. I was puzzled because I had come up the short stair in a couple of bounds, and was certain that the pew was empty when I put my foot on the first step. To reach that spot before I could look down she must have run.

She was a small person, and though I could see only her back, I could guess that she was in distresss, for she sat with her head bent forward, and now and again I saw her put her hand up to her eyes. I quite forgot the tapestry in looking at her. She wore a sort of gray cape trimmed with blue; though I did not know much about the fashion of women's garments I could see that she was dressed like no one I had ever met. All at once she rose and crossed the aisle, showing a small-featured profile and the frilled gray border of the hood or cap she wore. There was something blue on it, too — a rosette or a lappet, or whatever these things are called. To my further astonishment, she went up to the Wade monument and stood in front of it; then she put out her hand, and there was just enough light left for me to see that she passed it over a part of the stone with a movement that was almost a caress.

I sat rigid, afraid lest the least sound should disturb her. She went back to her place in the pew, and sank down on her knees, and I knew by her heaving shoulders that she wept, but so silently that not a sob woke the quiet of the empty church — empty but for myself sitting breathless in the gallery. Then she rose and crossed to the centre aisle without looking up, and passed out by the main door just below the place where I sat.

It was on a Monday that I saw her, and she was a good deal in my mind during that week. Once, I thought I had caught her figure disappearing down a side street of Mintern Brevil; once I had a fancied glimpse of her gray cap behind the curtain of a window, though I could not be sure; but when Sunday came, I went to the parish church — purposely, not too early — that I might peep through the door at the worshippers in the north aisle. If the seat in which we had both sat were her own, and were she there, I might contrive to get a place near enough to see her. I wondered at the time why I was impelled to take so much trouble; I think I am less surprised now.

Prayers had begun as I stood at the door to peer in, and, waiting till the congregation rose from its knees, I had full opportunity for my search. There she was, in the same pew, at the end next the aisle, with her gray and blue tippet, sitting upright this time, as

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though oblivious of all that was going on,— quite still. As the Amen produced a general movement, I saw that a verger was observing me from beyond the Wade monument and I stepped quickly forward to get nearer to my goal before he should be upon me to regulate my movements. We met exactly parallel to it, and he took me by the arm.

'Two vacant seats there,' he said, thrusting me toward the pew in which the lady sat.

We were close beside her, and she looked round at me, making no movement to let me pass in. I hesitated.

'Two vacant seats, sir,' repeated the verger, more loudly.

There was only one that I could see, on the other side of the quiet figure.

I was shocked at the man's free and easy manner, for he leaned across her, pointing, stretching his arm just in front of her face. It seemed all the worse to me because I had begun to suspect the odd little woman of not being in her right mind, and I was angry to think that he should so take advantage of her weakness. I made a sort of apologetic bow, and went in, because it seemed the only way to put an end to his impertinence, and because the further occupants of the pew were looking at us intently.

There was a hassock in front of her and her feet were on it. As she did not stir them, I stepped over, and, being nervously anxious not to incommode her, laid hold of the ledge where the prayer books lay to steady myself, and in so doing dropped my stick.

It fell against her knees, but, instead of sliding down the slope of her skirt, passed straight through it to the floor, as a stone might fall through transparent water. I could see it lying upon the boards, although the gray folds of her dress and the outline of her limbs were between me and it.

I subsided into my place, staggered beyond all power of expression. For some time I was too much bewildered to notice the looks of surprise and censure cast on me by those who stood beyond us; I merely sat on, though all were standing, and the *Jubilate* was ended and the Psalms begun, before I had the sense to rise to my feet. I took up a prayer book mechanically and turned over the leaves, unable to concentrate my mind on finding the place. My right-hand neighbor pointed it out with a detached disapproval of manner that would have annoyed me had I been capable of feeling anything. I was in the mental condition of a man who has suddenly fallen into the sea and been as suddenly pulled out, who lies on the beach unable to adjust himself to a dry and stationary world.

When I had recovered a little, I glanced stealthily at the woman on my left, but she appeared to be as solid as anybody else. She inspired no dread in me. My only trouble was the difficulty of keeping my head in her presence. I was young, and therefore acutely conscious of the attitude of strangers toward me, and I greatly feared to make myself ridiculous.

In time, I grew more calm and began to argue with myself. I did not dream; I knew that I was sober and I believed that I was sane; I hardly dared to look directly at her, though I much wished she would turn her head and let me see whether there were traces of the distress of a few days ago. No one else appeared to be interested in her. I wondered why the verger had been so boorish — surely if she frequented the church he would have known her and hesitated to treat her so rudely, lest he should be taken to task by some looker-on who knew her, too. Then I recalled his words: '*Two* vacant seats, sir,' and the truth broke on me.

He had not seen her. Presumably it

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was I, and I only, who was aware of her presence.

I became more and more convinced that this was a fact. Though I could see no difference between the solidity of her face and that of the faces near us, her feet and the lower part of her skirt now seemed hazy to my eyes, shadows beneath which lay the walking stick I had not dared to recover. My own figure hid them from the people beside me. All that had disturbed these latter was my apparently futile agitation and the clumsiness of my entrance.

It was not until the sermon that my strange neighbor turned toward me, and, looking at me with the appealing gaze of a dumb creature, lifted her arm and pointed to the Wade monument. I made the slightest movement of assent, afraid to give myself prominence, yet unable to resist the troubled eyes. Her act finally confirmed my belief, because, though she had stretched out her arm over the end of the pew, no one had shown a sign of astonishment. She looked middle-aged, not from any lines traced by the years, but from the frilled cap she wore and the prim fashion of her clothes. The eyes that met mine were clear, rather childish, though set in a woman's face and full of a dumb anxiety that was very pitiful. I raised my brows as if to ask a question and waited, wondering if she would understand. She nodded, pointing to an open hymn book lying before me. I slid it along the ledge to her, but she shook her head and signed to me that I should lay it upon my knee. When I had done this she drew close to me, so close that the end of her tippet lay across my cuff, though I felt no touch, no warmth from the face so near my own as she took a gold-headed pin from the fastening of her dress and indicated letters in the printed page. Then she paused, scanning my face, while I read the word they formed. It was A-l-u-r-e-d.

It is almost impossible to describe the state of mind into which those three syllables threw me. To say that I was bewildered is to say nothing; but the sense of something compelling and inevitable — of having known all the time in some recess of my being that I was concerned with the name of this man — was so strong that self-consciousness fled, and I forgot everybody in the church but the one who, so to speak, was not there. I took out my pocket book and wrote down the six letters while the anxious eyes near my shoulder followed every line. The gold-headed pin was still, till my pencil should stop. Then, when I looked round for further guidance, the face and the tippeted figure had faded into nothingness, and only the pin was visible against the page of the hymn book, pointing to the letters which followed. A-v-o-n S-t-r-e-e-t s-e-a-r-c-h. I had just time to write them when it ceased and was gone.

Through the rest of the sermon, I sat without hearing a word. The place beside me was empty, and I was left with a maddening curiosity and the fear lest I should never be able to gratify it. I put away my pocket book.

As I walked home, I decided that I would not look at it again till next day. 'If this is really an illusion,' I said to myself, 'I shall find to-morrow that there is nothing written here.'

I went out into the fields that afternoon, and, lying under a clump of bushes, turned the experience of the morning over and over. There was trouble about this man, Alured, though he was dead; that was plain enough, and I began to piece together the scraps that had been committed to me and to compare them with what I could recall of the words on the monument. 'Avon Street' was suggestive, for the inscription said that Alured's father had died at 'his residence' there. It

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was there, evidently, that 'search' should be made. I wondered whether the house was still standing. There was nothing to be done to-day, Sunday, for all the shops were closed and I had no acquaintance from whom I could seek information. True, there was my landlady; but when I made inquiry of her that evening it profited me nothing, for I was confronted with that dreadful obstacle, the blank wall of the purely domestic mind.

Next day, I went down to Mintern Brevil. One subject had driven all others from my mind. I had lain awake half the night. My idea was to question the tradesmen and the innkeepers, to tap that stream of gossip and reminiscence which flows under the life of all small towns. I did not know Avon Street, but I was curious to see the 'residence' of the Wades; it was no detective spirit which urged me, but my own sense of romance — strong in those days — and the fantastic hope of doing some possible service, palliating some undiscovered grief. I do not think I was a superstitious young man, and had I been so, superstition could hardly be said to enter into the case. I was not concerned with superstition, one way or another. I had merely seen a strange thing, as I might have seen an elopement or a street accident, and I wanted to know all that might be known about it. It seemed no part of my duty to persuade myself that it had not happened.

I had just passed the church when I cursed myself for a fool. Why not go in? Why not go back to the same place? Why not take up the hymn book and see whether the anxious figure would appear at my side and join again the thread which had broken so quickly?

The door was open, the place empty, and in I went.

I sat down and took up the book, and to make the parallel complete, sought for the same place in it. I had forgotten the page and had to turn to the first line of the hymn in the index. When I had done so I looked up and saw the little woman standing beside the Wade monument. I cannot say that I *saw* her come toward me, for the next thing I was aware of was her presence at my side and her hand holding the gold-headed pin.

This time I was less taken aback and more able to think for myself, so I brought out my pocket book and, laying it beside the other on my knee, I wrote 'which house?' after the 'Avon Street' I had already traced there.

The pin moved as it had done before.

'A t-r-e-e.'

'Am I to search the tree?' I wrote.

'S-e-a-r-c-h t-h-e l-a-d-d-e-r-r-o-o-m d-o t-h-i-s f-o-r A-l-u-r-e-d.'

'I will,' I wrote; but I broke off, for the pin was running on again.

'B-e-h-i-n-d t-h-e d-i-a-m-o-n-d-s f-o-r p-i-t-y-s s-a-k-e f-o-r p-o-o-r A-l-u-r-e-d.'

'But what am I to look for?'

As I wrote this question — the crux of all — and waited for the expected answer, the pin was gone.

I left the church and went straight to Avon Street, directed by a passing workman, and embarked on the preliminaries of a search for something, the very nature of which I did not know.

I had written 'I will' on the impulse of the moment, but I felt bound at least to try to make good my word. It might be an awkward task, but it was too late to think of that, for, wild goose chase or no, I was committed to it.

Avon Street was a quiet, remote place, not properly a street at all, but a row of detached houses far back from the sea and approached by a modest alley from the main thoroughfare.

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Only one true seaside touch had cropped up in two or three of these, and that was the faded-looking green veranda with a sloping tin roof which seems to belong particularly to the south coast of England. Each had a small patch of garden railed in from the pavement, and I saw with interest that there was but one tree in the place, a large araucaria, luxuriantly grown, whose thin, sombre arms shadowed the dead-looking windows by the door of the most old-fashioned of all. I had so far returned to a normal frame of mind that I smiled to think of my question of whether I should search the tree. I could not imagine how anyone would proceed who had to search a 'monkey-puzzle.'

If this house were the Wade house, there would seem to be real meaning in the directions of the woman in the church, and I opened the iron gate and approached the door; I was not prepared to confront any remaining member of the family who might be within and to state my extraordinary errand, so I had no choice but to ask for a fictitious person and to hope that the act might elicit the name of the owner.

'Is Mr. Jerningham at home?' I inquired, taking the first moderately uncommon name I could think of.

The thin-lipped woman who answered the bell eyed me resentfully.

'This is Miss Wade's house,' she said, 'we have no gentlemen here.'

She watched me departing, unmollified by my apology. I could feel her eyes on my back as I unlatched the iron gate.

It had been an easy thing to identify the 'residence,' but the next step — to get into it — would be a very different matter, and I felt a good deal discouraged. The keeper of the door seemed to look on me as an impostor (she little knew with what reason), and I could imagine that the dweller behind it, were I ever to reach her presence with my story, would take me for some wandering madman. A spinster — a member of that family described on the monument — what hope had I of being listened to by such a person! I went down to the shore and sat on the sea-wall to take council with myself what my next step should be.

I did not know much about the clergy. My father was at the bar and had no clerical friends. But when I came to consider which individual in a community would be most accessible to a stranger, I could think only of the parson. The longing to halve the burden of my experience was great, and I also reflected that, their family monument being set up in the parish church, the surviving Wades would probably belong to its congregation. I had not the vaguest remembrance of the last Sunday's preacher for I had had other things to think of. However, I could come to no better conclusion and I made up my mind to appeal to him. But I would put it off till to-morrow; it would take me till then to screw up my courage.

Next day, cold with the dread of making a fool of myself to no purpose, I was ushered into a vicarage study where a pale, plain-looking little man rose to receive me. There was nothing remarkable about him but a crooked smile that gave character to his face. He asked me very civilly what he could do for me.

The knowledge of my position engulfed me as a wave engulfs a pebble of the shore. I was tongue-tied. Everything in the room was solid and spoke so loudly of settled habits, of daily duties, and all reasonable and accepted things that, in my acute consciousness of the fantastic nature of what I had come to say, my heart died within me. Here was the recognized exponent of spiritual things, and here was I with

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this moonshine tale of the unseen upon my lips. I felt like a child with a tin sword before a general.

He was misled by my bearing, for it was plain that he suspected some young man's scrape, some difficulty which youth might sooner disclose to a stranger than to a parent. He gave me a little time to collect myself and then said with his crooked smile:

'You need not hesitate to tell me anything. What am I here for but to listen? If you speak plainly to me I will speak plainly to you — that is all.'

So I began. I told it to him baldly and consecutively, from the beginning when I stood idly before the Wade monument, to the end, when I turned my back on the house with the araucaria.

When I had finished he got up and stood by the mantelpiece.

'And this is *absolutely* true?' he said at last; 'upon your honor, this is true?'

'Sir,' I exclaimed, 'can you suppose that I should put myself in this position for a childish invention? The risk of being taken for a liar is no advantage.'

'I beg your pardon,' said he.

'It is true, upon my honor.'

He sat down again and we were both silent for a little while.

'What do you make of it, sir?' I inquired at last.

'I don't know what to make of it.'

'And what ought I to do?'

He was looking at the floor and he raised his eyes to mine.

'You said you wrote "I will," did you not, when she told you to search?'

'Yes.'

'Then you must do it.'

'You think there is something in it, then?' I exclaimed, catching at his support.

'I tell you I don't know what to think; but I am certain that we should keep our promises.'

I nodded.

'Do you know anything of the family?' I asked; 'I came here, hoping you might give me some help in finding them.'

'Miss Emily Wade is the last one left now,' he replied, 'but, though she is my parishioner, I can hardly say that I know her. The one I *can* tell you about is Alured Wade, though he has been dead these five and twenty years. It is owing to him that they left Mintern Brevil. The house was let at one time, but afterwards it stood empty till Miss Wade came back a couple of years ago. She sees nobody and goes nowhere, not even to church.'

'But why is it owing to Alured?' I broke in.

'He was in a solicitor's office, and he made away with a large sum of money and died in prison. That is why they left the town and why she lives as she does. She had brought Alured up, for she was ten years older than he when they were left motherless. He died at twenty, poor wretched lad. I have only been here a few years, so I never saw him.'

'There was something about diamonds, too,' said I. 'It is written down in my pocket-book.'

'I can't imagine what that can be. I have never heard anything about that.'

'Well,' said I, ruefully, 'I must do my best, as you say, but how to approach Miss Wade I don't know, for it seems she is even more unapproachable than I suspected. If I write to her is there any chance that she will consent to see me? Is it too much to ask you to give me a word of introduction? I am really no impostor, but you do not know how I dread it.'

'You are no coward, young man, all the same.'

'I will try not to be,' said I.

'Well,' he went on, 'you have no right to hang back, neither have I. I

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will go to Miss Wade, not because I think I can influence her to listen to you, but because she may think it less of an intrusion from one of my calling than from any other man. Go home now and wait till you hear from me.'

I got up.

'I can never thank you enough, sir,' I said.

'Wait to thank me till we have succeeded,' he replied, smiling crookedly.

For two days after this conversation, I dreaded the postman. I did not know which would make me more uncomfortable, a summons to Avon Street or the news that nothing further could be done; but, on the third day, I received a letter from the parson.

'. . . I have had a difficult business,' he wrote, 'and for some time I had little hope of success, but at last, I have got Miss Wade's consent to see you and now, I can only leave you to do your best. I told you that you were no coward, but I now add that you may, possibly, become one when you meet Miss Wade. Do not take this as discouragement, but as warning, and remember, if I may venture to advise you, that there is nothing like keeping one's temper in all circumstances. I hope you will let me hear whether any new light is thrown on this strange subject. . . .'

At an appointed hour, I stood once more on the threshold of the house with the araucaria, and this time was grudgingly admitted and taken across a small, dingy hall to a sitting room on the ground floor. There was no one in it, and I had been waiting fully ten minutes when Miss Emily Wade entered.

I had no nerve consciously to observe the woman herself, but only to feel the effect she produced on me; though now, after the lapse of years, I can describe her in detail. At a little distance, she appeared to be the embodiment of commonplace middle age, but as she advanced with a stiff bow, which was the mere drawing-in of her chin, and desired me to be seated, I saw my mistake. She was slow and cumbrous and her large face, almost pear-shaped, sallow, and very smooth in its outlines, reminded me of something Asiatic.

Though she was so large, you would not call her fat, for the softness suggested by that word was absent. She had the heavy thickness of something stuffed tightly with sawdust, and she wore a muslin cap with a velvet bow, the recognized head-dress of all well-to-do elderly women, at that date. Her hair, showing no thread of gray, was parted smoothly. I think she had the smallest mouth I ever saw, and the depth of her chin made it look as though set too high in her face. Her straight, heavy nose seemed to start too soon from between her brows. I have never known the color of her eyes, for their opaqueness was all that I could realize. She sat down without a word and waited for me to begin. There was not enough expression in her face to show hostility, but I felt it emanating from her.

How I embarked on my story I cannot remember. I heard myself speaking as though I were listening to another person, and the opaque, secretive eyes never left my face. I will do her the justice to say that she did not once try to interrupt me. When I had finished, a sense of ineptness and anti climax and futility enfolded me like a choking mist.

'And why have you brought me this tale?' she inquired, a sneer touching her lip.

'I considered myself bound to do so.

'Indeed,' she said, slowly, 'and what do you expect to gain by it?'

'A clear conscience.'

She looked disconcerted, I suppos

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by the directness of my answer. It was the first indication of any kind of feeling that I had seen since she entered.

I do not know what happy intuition spurred me to thrust her up against the matter in question before she had recovered her balance. Her strength was to sit still and so, no doubt, instinct impelled me to keep her moving.

'I see that I have put you into an awkward position,' I said.

'Not in the least, I assure you!' she exclaimed, a slight flush rising to her forehead.

It was evident to me that the very thought of herself in such a plight was intolerable to her.

'I am truly sorry to have upset you,' I continued, 'but I can well imagine that my intrusion is annoying. I ——'

'You misunderstand me,' she broke in. 'I am entirely indifferent. Be sure of that.'

'But it is very natural. Believe me, I have every sympathy with you, and I can only apologize, placed as I am. Perhaps you would like me to go?'

I half rose from my seat. It was a rash thing to do, for had she said 'Yes' I should have had no choice but to depart. Despite the parson's advice, I had let my irritation get the better of me in an overwhelming desire to shake her sullen insolence, and the vanity which made her see herself as unassailable, imperturbable at all points. It was something inert and unenterprising in her that, alone, prevented her from dismissing a person who shook, even for a moment, her placid experience. Effort was her horror. I could guess that.

I think she would willingly have strangled me. Stupid though I believe she was, she had an uneasy feeling that I had made it difficult for her to dismiss me with dignity.

But her temper was suffering, as well as mine.

'I told the Vicar that I would see you and hear your — your — what you wanted to say — and I have done it. What do you want? Let us get through with it quickly,' she exclaimed, angrily.

'Will you allow me to see the ladder-room, if there is such a place?' I asked, my own anger cooling as the prospect bettered itself.

'It is empty. There is nothing there.'

'Then there *is* a room called the ladder-room!' I exclaimed. 'Miss Wade — do, pray allow me to see it! Let your maid take me there. I will not ask you to go with me.'

'I will certainly go with you,' she replied.

It was no civility which prompted her words; her look made their meaning plain. It said 'Do you suppose I should trust you out of my sight?'

But the desire to be disagreeable had betrayed her; it had gained me my point. She rose, and I opened the door and followed her out.

We went slowly up the dark stairs of the musty little house; it had three storys and at each landing she stopped, breathing heavily, that I might understand the infinite inconvenience I was causing her. This made me very uncomfortable as a man. As a human being I cared nothing.

When we reached the top floor, I found myself facing a ladder of about four rungs, with a hand-rail at one side; it led to a door which looked as if it had not been painted for half a century.

'Go on,' said Miss Wade.

I went up and thrust the door open; it needed a strong push, and I almost stumbled into a small attic room, papered, and with a dormer window in the sloping roof letting in the afternoon light. My companion came heavily after me. It was perfectly empty, but for three objects: a deal table in the

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recess of the window, a tiny, dusty picture hanging on a nail, and an unused bookshelf fastened on the wall. There was not so much as a fireplace.

Miss Wade stood looking at me with sullen triumph in her opaque eyes. Her mouth was pinched to a small line above the long bulk of her chin. I felt very foolish.

'And was this always known as the ladder-room?' I asked.

She assented.

In spite of the fact that the gold-headed pin had, so far, pointed to nothing but the truth, I could only stare round on the unpromising place, humiliated by the ineffectual figure I cut. There was not even a drawer in the table that I might open. I went to the wall and peered at the little faintly-colored daguerreotype in its frame that seemed cut out of black tin.

Then I started back and turned to Miss Wade. I suppose that triumph must have loosened her tongue, for the first words she had yet volunteered came from her pursed lips.

'My mother,' she said, shortly.

I should have known the portrait, even without the gray cap and the tippet with blue trimming.

'That is the lady I saw in the church,' I said.

I could not bring myself to ask Miss Wade whether this wretched attic had been Alured's room, but I felt sure of it. I did not know if she had learned from the Vicar that he had told me the boy's history and, in any case, I did not want to hear his name on her lips. The sight of the daguerreotype stirred an overwhelming pity in me. That was Alured's mother, the mother who had been replaced, for him, by the heavy, sordid woman in the doorway; I could imagine what such a change must have meant to the little boy who had slept in this fireless room.

He had been 'brought up' by her, been completely in her power; she had dealt out his punishments and held him, as grown-up people hold children, in the hollow of her hand. Here, he had lived, the only young thing in the house, through his motherless years, only to die in prison at last. I thought of the desolating tears of my own happy childhood — rare, indeed, with me, but, probably, not rare with him. I could see him here, alone with his griefs and misunderstandings and hidden disappointments, under the attic roof, perhaps looking at the daguerrotype through wet eyelashes and knowing that his sins and fears and all the thousand, thousand childish secrets and dreads must be locked into his lonely heart, because the face in the frame was only a face in a frame, and no more. I longed to be out of the house, anywhere away from Miss Wade. She was immeasurably more hateful to me now that I had seen this picture in this place.

'There are no diamonds here, after all, you see,' she said.

As she spoke my eyes were on the bookcase. Perhaps, if she had not made that derisive speech, we should have left the miserable room no wiser than we came, but at the word 'diamonds' I sprang forward, for light flashed into my mind. On the wall behind the empty bookshelves a piece of chintz was nailed to keep the books from rubbing it; it was a hideous thing, grimy and faded; blue, with a yellow diamond pattern covering its dismal expanse.

'Yes, there are,' I cried, laying my palm against it, '*these* are the diamonds!'

There was a rent in the stuff where it was crossed by the middle shelf, but I could not get my hand into it because the horizontal board was set in so close to the wall. At the lower edge of the chintz a row of nails stretched it tight, and just above these I could feel a thin,

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square object laying as though in a pocket. Without further ado, I got my thumb in between two of the nails and ripped up the rotten stuff. It tore at a touch, and a slim paper packet fell out and dropped on the floor.

Miss Wade said nothing; anger and surprise devoured her. I could tell that her wrath was raised, not by my summary dealing with her furniture, but by the proof, now laying at my feet, that there had really been something to find, and that I had found it. I picked up the packet and handed it to her.

'Thanks,' she said, putting it into her pocket. 'Now, we will go downstairs.'

Although there was the handrail, she had to turn and step backwards down the ladder. At any other time I should have laughed inwardly at the mixture of displeasure and physical discomfort on the large, white face. But I did not laugh now. I had reached the goal toward which my whole mind had strained for nearly a week; I had started on such a strange quest as few had ever undertaken; and now, what I suspected was the key of it all had passed into the hands of this repellent creature! In my folly I had not foreseen this very obvious climax, but I now saw it written on the pursed-up mouth and secretive eyes that would not meet my own. *I should hear nothing more.* I could not protest; I could do nothing but submit. She had turned the tables on me after all.

She stopped in the hall outside the sitting room door, her hand on the door knob, and made the same stiff bow with which she had received me. There was nothing for it but to take up my hat and go.

I was furious as I went up the street, outraged in every feeling. The consistent rudeness I had met with made my blood boil. Being very young, I marveled that, in a civilized world, the attempt to do what was right — at some cost to myself, too — should bring me nothing but malice; and beyond that, baffled curiosity wept lamentably in my breast. It was cruel, abominable, that I should be debarred from knowing whether my thankless labors had been of any use to anyone, alive or dead.

I had lost all interest in Mintern Brevil. I was not such a fool as to imagine that Miss Wade would send me any information, and it seemed that the best thing I could do was to depart next day and try to forget the whole business. While I was packing, the Vicar walked up to the farm and asked me to spend a few days with him. I was immensely flattered, for I liked him, and shouldering my small portmanteau I accompanied him home.

We were at breakfast on the following morning when the post came in. I had no correspondence, but he had a good deal, and, when he had turned over his pile of letters, he opened one and became so much absorbed in it that he stopped eating. I went on, steadily. At last, he looked up.

'This is your affair, too,' he said.

There had been three enclosures in the envelope and he threw one of them across to me.

'Dear Mr. Williams,' I read, 'The person you spoke of to me called at my house the day before yesterday and insisted upon my climbing with him to the attic. While we were there, a packet dropped from behind a bookshelf. I think the information which it contained should be made public, and as I do not want to be annoyed by inquisitive people, I will ask you to do so by mentioning it, when opportunity occurs, to your parishioners. In order that you may speak with authority, I enclose these two letters which I shall be obliged if you will return. Mean-

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while, I will consider what other steps should be taken.

'Yours truly,
'Emily Wade.'

'And now read this,' said the Vicar, after I had finished. I took the yellow, discolored paper and smoothed it out.

'October 12, 1850.

'DEAR NED: I have not had a moment's ease since our conversation after we left the office yesterday, for I can think of nothing but the terrible story you told me. You know what I feel. My friendship for you must give you full assurance of that, and the remorse you expressed as we walked home together will not be aggravated by any reproach from me. What is weighing on you is weighing on me too. Think of your mother lying there; we know from the doctor that she has only a few months to live — if that. What will it be to her? I am convinced, *determined*, that nothing must be left undone to spare her the knowledge that would prevent her from dying in peace.

'This is my proposal, the plan I have thought out. I am going to take the theft upon myself. We must leave the matter alone till it is discovered; that will gain time, possibly much time, and I will then confess it, holding you bound to be silent. Ned, think of your mother. Remember that I am tied by none of the considerations that tie you. My father is dead ten years ago, my mother, I can only vaguely remember; all I know of her is the picture in my room. My elder brothers are prosperous men who can take care of themselves. You know my sister. You, who have known me since we were both children, will understand what I need not say. Your mother's goodness and love to me when I most needed it, is all I am thinking of now. I am not thinking of you. I am thinking of her. It is Sunday and my sister is at church, so I have had leisure to consider, and my mind is made up.

'If you agree, *as you must do*, I will require you to do two things. You must write me a letter accepting the proposal I have made and giving me your word that as soon as your mother is dead you will acknowledge the truth. I will make a copy of this letter that I am now writing and seal it up with yours in a packet. It will be put in a place that only you and I will know of, and as soon as possible after your mother's funeral, you will carry it to a person whom we shall both select, and who will know how to use it for my release.

'We do not know how soon the discovery of what you have done may be made, so whatever we settle must be settled at once in all its details. I shall see you to-morrow at the office and we must walk home together. But before we meet, I must tell you again, lest you should have any hesitation in agreeing, that *I am doing it for her*.

'Your sincere friend,
'ALURED WADE.'

The Vicar pushed the other paper toward me. It was dated two days after the foregoing letter. The writer had not taken long in making up his mind.

'I accept all the conditions of Alured Wade's letter of Oct. 12, 1850,' it ran, 'and I hereby faithfully promise that, on my mother's decease, I will do as desired by him with the two letters, using every endeavour to clear his name by means of them and by admitting the fraud which I have committed and for which he, for the reasons he states, has taken the blame.'

'EDWARD GROVES STEPHENSON.'

'Poor lad,' said the Vicar, 'poor little lad.'

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His words took me back to the attic room with the little boy I had pictured alone in it. I was glad, more glad than I could say, to know that someone had befriended him; the measure of his gratitude showed me, like lamplight, how dark the dark places must have been to him. How glad I was that I had bearded that heavy woman with the opaque eyes and the velvet bow in her cap! It rather awed me to think that I had been the means of disinterring that obscure and unrecognized sacrifice. For the moment, I had forgotten the woman in the church, but she returned to my mind, bringing with her a mist of speculation.

The Vicar's voice broke through it.

'There is another piece that fits into the story,' he said. 'I know the name of Ned Stephenson well. He disappeared very suddenly from Mintern Brevil, years before I came here; it was supposed, to America. In any case, he was never heard of again. I wonder, did his mother cheat the doctor and outlive Alured, and was his baseness a crime against his fellow-clerk, or against his fellow-clerk's memory? Did he break his word to a dead man or to a live one? There is nothing on the monument to tell how far into 1851 Alured lived; but he must have died without speaking.'

'And I wonder,' said I, 'whether the packet fell down behind the chintz and was lost, or whether it was hidden there purposely till the time should come to produce it?'

'It must have been hidden,' said he, reflectively. 'If Alured had lost it, he would certainly have written another letter and made Ned write another statement, and if Ned had lost it, it would hardly have been found in the Wades' house. Had the real culprit made any attempt to tell the truth I should have heard of it when I first heard the story of Alured's crime. It is easy to guess why he disappeared.'

'And the woman in the church?'

'We know nothing about anything,' said he, 'and I suppose Solomon himself was in the like position. But he said some notable things, all the same — "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."'

'Do you imagine that Miss Wade will add anything to the monument?' I asked, after a pause. 'She ought to do him that much justice.'

'Ah,' he said, 'I fancy that, whatever she does, her resentment will never be disturbed by a little thing like the truth. He brought discredit on her and she will never forgive him, as she will never forgive you for bringing back the memory of it.'

'But that's unreasonable!' I exclaimed, 'the disgrace is gone.'

'Think what the Wade respectability has suffered — no, she will never forgive him. To her, he is a criminal still. Personally, I should like to give him a monument to himself.'

'What would you put on it?' I asked.

'Alured Wade. Saint and Martyr.'

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[*The London Daily Telegraph*]

THE LIFE DRAMA OF THE PARNELLS

BY T. P. O'CONNOR

III

THE evidence which Captain O'Shea gave before the Parnell Commission as to the authenticity of the signature of the Pigott letter published in the *Times* was proved to be false, and his vengeance was balked; but the next time he appeared in a court of law, he had the law and society on his side, for he was suing for a divorce from his wife on the ground of her adultery with Parnell. It is difficult to say what were the motives and events which had transformed the outward relations of the two men. The disappointment to both in the expected results of O'Shea's forced election by Galway probably had a good deal to do with it. There is reason to believe that some dispute over an inheritance may have contributed. Mrs. O'Shea lived for a great part of her life with her aunt, Mrs. Wood. Mrs. Wood was the widow of the long-dead Alderman of the days of George IV, and lived to a great age—something between ninety and a hundred. She had inherited from her husband a large fortune; but there were, unfortunately, nearly as many heirs as there were thousands in the fortune, and many disputes were the result. Whether the interests of Captain O'Shea and his wife came into conflict as to this inheritance it is difficult to say; all these things will perhaps never be fully revealed.

Perhaps, however, the chief cause of the divorce proceedings was that they were strongly desired by Mrs. O'Shea. For years she had been the wife of Parnell in everything but name; she had been subjected to all the insults, the furtive living, and all the other humiliations which society inflicts on women in that questionable position. She, doubtless, felt that anything was better than such a life, and was consumed by the desire to 'regularize' her position, even at the cost of such a terrible exposure. Parnell, probably, had other views, knowing better than any woman could the risk to his political position such an exposure would involve. But nothing is more remarkable in this tragic love story than the complete subjection in which this man of iron and of ice stood to this woman. He seemed to have his will paralyzed in her presence. The first solicitor to whom Parnell naturally resorted was the late Sir George Lewis, the confidant of thousands of stories of domestic squabbles; and there are legends of strange interviews between Parnell, Mrs. O'Shea, and Sir George Lewis, in the old-fashioned offices in Ely Place, where Sir George Lewis received his clients. In these interviews, Mrs. O'Shea insisted on stating her views; her opinions are said to have been entirely erroneous; but Lewis had to sit and listen patiently, with Parnell standing by, silently, and, if not approvingly, at least submissively; the mouth of the solicitor was closed. The end was that Sir George Lewis was left — doubtless at Mrs O'Shea's suggestion — and another solicitor was employed. And instead

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of fighting the case — which might have meant that the divorce would have been refused, and Mrs. O'Shea would have still remained Mrs. O'Shea — the case was undefended.

The whole world put its ear to the door of the divorce court when this historic case came to be heard. The absence of all defense deprived the trial, of course, of a good deal of its interest; but Captain O'Shea supplied plenty of material for even the most voracious reader of scandal. Cold, collected, adroit, aiming his every blow with deadly skill, Captain O'Shea, in his evidence, managed to make Parnell appear not only odious but — what was perhaps worse — very ridiculous. The stories came out of Parnell taking houses under false names; he was represented as first being the friend of the husband and then the lover of the wife; all this told sentimentally against Parnell.

But the little episode which was afterwards most fatal to him and used with the deadliest effect was the description of a visit which O'Shea paid to a house in Medina Terrace, Brighton, immediately after he had seen Parnell enter. He could not, he said, find Parnell, and when he appealed to the landlady she replied that if Parnell were not in the house, he could only have gone out by a fire-escape. The picture of a great and almost omnipotent political leader slipping down a fire-escape in order to escape the pursuit of a betrayed husband caught everyone's fancy; the incident stuck in the public mind; was the subject of innumerable jokes in caricatures, and figured in some of the bitter speeches made against Parnell in the terrible struggle between him and some of his party, which followed. Many years after the divorce, the late Sir H. Beerbohm Tree was entertaining Captain O'Shea at supper, and, in the course of conversation, he made the remark that it was true of England, as of France, that 'ridicule alone killed,' and that of all the episodes which were detailed in the divorce case against Parnell, the one which had undoubtedly done more to destroy him than any other was the episode of the fire-escape. O'Shea assented, and then added the ironic comment on it all: 'And the best of it was, there was no fire-escape.' What, then, was the explanation? Was it that, as might at first sight have been thought, O'Shea — for the purpose of killing the enemy he hated — had invented the whole episode? No; what happened was that the landlady had used the phrase as a mere *façon de parler*. She did not mean that there was a fire-escape on the house — for there was none — but that Parnell's exit had been so rapid and so mysterious that one might have imagined he had got out on a fire-escape. Parnell, himself, always indignantly denied the story.

For a time it looked as if Parnell had never shown his consummate power of concealing his emotion more than during the period which preceded the divorce case and during its progress. He was seen by an acquaintance passing down the Strand, quite openly reading the details in an evening paper on one of the days of the trial, and he never betrayed any sign of losing his characteristic frigidity and serenity. Possibly, he underrated the effect of the proceedings on public opinion. It was his weakness, as well as his strength, to be unable to see any point of view but his own, and to be indifferent to the opinion of others, and, above all, to the opinion of any people but his own. He felt sure that they would stand by him.

And that, doubtless, was their almost universal desire. Cool-headed politicians in his party believed that a

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split from him might mean the destruction of the cause, a judgment which was only too well realized; the masses, who worshipped him, were quite prepared to believe that the divorce case was like the forged letter — simply another device to destroy him, concocted by his bitter personal and political enemies. His own colleagues, at first, seemed united in the determination to stand by him to the end. There was a meeting in Leinster Hall, Dublin, at which the chief speech was made by Mr. Healy, who afterwards became Parnell's most virulent assailant. In his speech on this occasion Mr. Healy used a phrase which afterwards played a great part in the controversy; 'Don't speak to the man at the wheel.' It throws an interesting light on the controversy that on one occasion, when Parnell and Mr. Healy were addressing rival crowds at a railway station, someone in the crowd cried out to Mr. Healy, 'Don't speak to the man at the wheel,' to which Mr. Healy retorted, 'Don't speak to the man on the fire-escape.' It will be seen from this little instance how large a part the entirely hypothetical fire-escape played in the destruction of Parnell.

The Leinster Hall meeting took place just before the opening of the new session of Parliament. It was the custom of the Irish Party to meet on that day and to elect its chairman, the leadership being nominally held from year to year. When the Irish members changed the ardent atmosphere of Dublin for the frigidities of Westminster, they found a very different situation to confront. It was conveyed to one of them that Mr. Gladstone would be obliged to retire from the leadership of the Liberal Party and from the Home Rule campaign if Parnell were reëlected, and it was even intimated that Mr. Gladstone had written a letter conveying that information. Here was a situation which required the presence and advice of Parnell; but Parnell was nowhere to be found. He had resorted to a stratagem, with which his followers were familiar, of disappearing into inaccessible and unknown obscurity when difficult situations arose on which he did not want to commit himself. He was able to arrive at the meeting of his party accordingly, in ignorance of Gladstone's attitude and letter, his colleagues were also ignorant — at least of details — and they reëlected him. On that same evening came the dread announcement of Gladstone's letter, and the revolutionary change in the situation which was thus created produced a panic; hurried and distracted councils were held; Gladstone's letter had been given to a press agency; there were attempts to recall it, but by that time it had winged its way to every part of the world, including the New World, where, at the time, several colleagues of Parnell were having a triumphant march through city after city of the United States, accompanied by subscriptions on a scale more gigantic than any that had hitherto been reached. Parnell, alone, remained unmoved by Mr. Gladstone's letter. Deaf to threats from enemies or recent allies, to appeals and entreaties from friends, that iron, grim, obstinate man held on his way, and, to the horror and surprise of Gladstone, refused to retire, even temporarily from the leadership. Mr. Morley, in his *Life of Gladstone*, gives a dramatic picture of the despair that was written on the face of Gladstone when this terrible news was conveyed to him.

The publication of Gladstone's letter was followed by the issue by Parnell of a manifesto, in which he diverted attention very droitly from the divorce court by an indictment of Glad-

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stone, roundly accusing him of a resolve to betray the Home Rule cause; and this was, in turn, followed by passionate, exciting, and fierce debates in committee room 15 over the question whether Parnell should be retained in the leadership or deposed. Several times the two sections, realizing the tremendous and disastrous consequences to their cause if they split their forces, seemed on the point of coming to a compromise, but there always seemed to be an occult influence behind Parnell that dominated his will and obscured his own clear judgment. He and Mrs. O'Shea by this time lived almost openly together in a remote place in Brighton, Walsingham Terrace, where they occupied two houses, connected, however, by a verandah. The one in which Mrs. O'Shea was supposed to live was the very last house in Brighton; it stood remote, desolate, with its front exposed to the full blast of all the storms of the ocean, and, in a way, seemed to symbolize the bleak tragedy of which it was the scene. To this house, Parnell, in the midst of even the fierce fight in committee room 15, retreated every, or nearly every, evening; when he returned in the morning from Brighton his mood had lost all the spirit of concession which it had displayed the previous evening, and his whole tone was uncompromising and hopeless.

There is little doubt that the influence of Mrs. O'Shea at this moment led, more than most of the other factors in the confused situation, to the defeat of all attempts at compromise, and to the split. Another factor — one that influenced her and Parnell undoubtedly — was the ferocious coarseness of the attacks made on her. 'We will see,' said one of the supporters of Parnell at one of the sittings in committee room 15, 'who is the master of Ireland.' 'We'll see,' retorted one of Parnell's enemies, 'who is the mistress of Ireland.' One or two others of the Parnellites spoke in similar tones, and one of the phrases used was the 'stench of the divorce court.'

These attacks drove Parnell furious, and his passion blinded him. But he fought with extraordinary courage and tenacity. Day after day, seated in the chair, he listened to the attacks upon him, replying sometimes with adroit skill, sometimes with an outburst of passion that made his enemies shiver; now, obstructing a motion by a speech; again, postponing a decision by a ruling from the chair, until in the end his opponents, seeing that he never intended to let the question of his leadership come to a vote, retired from the room, and in an adjoining room deposed Parnell from the leadership and elected Mr. Justin McCarthy in his place.

The fight was now transferred from St. Stephen's and committee room 15 to Ireland. A series of by-elections gave both sides the opportunity of appealing to Irish opinion. Parnell took, not merely an active, but a feverish part in all these elections. Absent, obstinately, from all meetings in Ireland, for years; almost unknown even by appearance to a generation that was rising up since his first entrance into Parliamentary life, he began at this moment a campaign of almost insane activity. Week after week, with scarcely an intermission, he crossed to Ireland; week after week taking the long journey back, in order to spend a few hours in Walsingham Terrace with the woman for whom, as well as himself, he was fighting. In election after election, he was beaten, but he never gave the least sign of yielding.

In the church of a small village outside Brighton, Mrs. O'Shea became at last the wife of the man who had so long been devoted to her, and who at

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this moment was fighting for his life. The papers containing the account of the marriage showed that the parties to it were in high spirits, and for that day, at least, forgot all the dark past, and the even darker future. They drove to the church in an open carriage;—it was not uncharacteristic that Mrs. O'Shea held the reins. When they were driving back, Parnell was intercepted by the ubiquitous interviewer, and he declared with all the blitheness of a young bridegroom, that that was the happiest day of his life. The marriage produced different impressions in different circles. There were many who saw in it, if not the justification, the extenuation of the original offence, and the proof that the association of the two had not been the mere passing fancy of libertinage, but one of those devoted, loyal, and enduring affections which call for much forgiving. In Ireland, however, the effect was damaging to Parnell. There were strong supporters of his in all sections, sometimes, even in quarters where his support would not be expected. The fidelity, loyalty, and courage he had shown in his defense of a woman gained many women to his side, and it was one of the many ironies of this tragic conflict, in which many people regarded the fight as one for the purity of the home, Parnell had on his side most of the occupants of the convents in Ireland — those retreats of prayer and self-sacrifice and purity unstained by such weaknesses of the flesh.

But the announcement of the marriage revealed even to the most obstinate believers in the innocence of Parnell that the original charge was well founded. Up to that time, the story of O'Shea, who was bitterly distrusted and disliked, was regarded by many of the simpler-minded people in Ireland as of the same category as the forged letter of Pigott, and as one of the many conspiracies intended to deprive Ireland of the benefit of Parnell's leadership. That delusion could no longer be entertained, and there was a certain reaction against Parnell in quarters where hitherto he had been supported. But Parnell went steadily on, recking neither the violent attacks of his personal enemies, nor the coolness of and smallness of meetings in places where once he received the worship of teeming thousands — apparently resolved to die rather than yield.

It was now evident to everybody that his health was breaking down under the strain of these constant journeys, these exciting and devastating appearances. In Ireland meetings — at least in the country districts — are nearly always in the open air. Suffering severely from rheumatism, with one of his arms in a sling, with the look of death already in his face, Parnell went down to an open-air meeting in the county Roscommon. He lingered in Dublin for a few hours, the next day paying visit after visit to prominent supporters in the hope of raising the capital to start a newspaper organ, and, if not turned from some of their doors, at least not finding them at home. As he left Dublin, he said to his friends that he would come over again on the following Sunday. He came over again on the following Sunday, but it was as a corpse.

Little is known of his last hours. The rheumatism of which there had been evidence in Ireland, and during his last meeting, evidently developed rapidly; before anybody knew that he was seriously ill, the news came that he was dead. There was a wild outburst of rage and grief among those who had remained on his side; his corpse was carried over to Ireland and buried, amid wild expressions of grief and with the whole population of the city turning out to do honor to his

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memory. His tomb is in Glasnevin Cemetery, which, though Roman Catholic, has become a Walhalla, without distinction of creed, for the distinguished leaders of the Irish movement.

Thus Parnell died for the passion and for the woman that had captured his soul some ten years before. As for the woman, little was heard of her afterwards. Those who saw her at the time when Parnell first met her, unblinded by love, were unable to see the charms which proved to him so irresistible and so devastating. She had already passed her first youth, and her influence was probably due as much to strength of will as to physical charm. Whether she had a right to do so or not, she certainly dominated Parnell. She was the confidant of all his thoughts and secrets, she was brought by him into all those secret negotiations in which he was involved, and, though they never guessed it, the Irish people and their destinies lay often in her hands. From Parnell she certainly got a love as deep, as chivalrous, as self-sacrificing as ever was given to any heroine in history. He seemed to grudge every second which kept him from her side. The most solemn and momentous engagements were broken or rushed through to get back to her, even after the absence of a few hours. Once, he appeared in the morning at an Irish meeting at Leeds. When his colleagues returned to his hotel to ask him to come to a huge meeting for which he had been announced in the evening, they learned that he was already on his way back to London, and though, of course, they did not realize it, to Mrs. O'Shea. Once, after months of work, his supporters in the south of Ireland had got him invited to open an exhibition in Cork; up to the last moment he refused to say definitely whether he would take the journey from Dublin to Cork to fulfill this engagement; at the last moment he made up his mind to do so, but he took the quickest train he could get to Cork, went straight from the station to the exhibition, opened it at express speed; after a two hours' stay in the city, was back at the railway station again, and then straight on by the fastest and earliest steamer and train to Mrs. O'Shea in Brighton. For her he lived, for her he died. And now, the last figure in this tragic tale has passed away. The drama was played out years ago, but its effects are with us still.

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[*Westminster Gazette*]

THE JOURNEY

BY MORAY

(Catherine of Braganza landed at Southampton, March 13, 1662.)

THE wind sang in the cordage; underfoot
The galleon quivered like a thing alive,
Freer than I, whom those in power uproot
From my quiet convent garden, where the hive
Still murmurs over tidings of my fate,
Whispered at dawn by one of the good nuns.
'Our Princess leaves us for the cares of State
And a great marriage.'
Booming of the guns,
And church bells ringing, while I stood forlorn,
Among my priests and women on the deck,
An exile from the place where I was born,
The yoke of duty heavy on my neck.
I said no word, only in dumb appeal
My heart returned to my dear convent wall
And sun-warmed shrines where I was used to kneel;
Others may lie under the velvet pall
And rise up brides of Christ; I must sail on
With my rich dowry, and my lack of grace.
'Maria Paz, Maria Concepcion,
How will he look when first he sees my face?
If I were fairer — I am Portuguese,
Little and swarthy. I have still to prove
If I, indeed, have any power to please.
England will crown me; will the bridegroom love?'
Fear not!' They smiled, combing my long black hair.
The March gales raved, and we made heavy weather,
Penned under hatches, and too sick to care
Whether we sank and all were drowned together.
After six days we crawled on deck. Mass said,
While sails were furled; from the low-wooded shore
Barges put forth to fetch us. Stiff brocade
And many jewels on my coif I wore,
A gorgeous puppet. So I went on land
To take my frightened, silent part in banqueting,
And yield to strangers a cold clammy hand
Laden with rings, before the careless King
Whose laughing eyes appraised — and put me by.
This was my journey's end, and all in vain
I prayed the Saints. That night I longed to die —
While Charles was supping with the Castlemaine.

[*The Japan Magazine*]

DAWN AT THE SHRINE

[Japanese poetry has developed under the patronage of the Imperial family. Almost all the Japanese Emperors were composers of poetry; and from old times it has been a custom to hold the so-called 'Poetical Meeting' in the beginning of every year. On this occasion the poems composed by the Imperial family are published with many excellent ones which have been presented to them before. The two given here are the poems that Their Majesties the Emperor and Empress composed for this New Year.]

BY THE EMPEROR

WHILE praying unto God, I saw
The sacred lights of the Shrine grow
Fainter and shine less bright at dawn
Upon the white sleeves of my gown.

BY THE EMPRESS

The sun rose up in days of yore
Out of her heav'nly cave, I hear;
She now comes out just as before:
How pure Ise's first rays appear!

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